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CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

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A Fortnightly Journal of Criticism and Discussion of Literature and The Arts

The War and American Literature

From time to time I am asked like many other writers to discuss some tendency in our national literature. (It is assumed that we have a national literature, as of course every self-respecting people must have a literature.) I am expected to tell what is happening to it and to prophesy its splendid evolution. Often this takes the form of an inquiry about American fiction, as fiction is the bulkiest and the most popular of the literary modes. Again it is that irrepressible *mauvais sujet* of the literary family—the drama, which is always being reformed but never achieving the solid reputation desired by its friends. All such preoccupations seem to me futile: they resemble the preoccupations of the adolescent as to when he will become a man. When he is one he will know it without an extended investigation. Such self-conscious concern for the future of the American novel, for the development of an American literature, would indicate that as a people we are not yet sufficiently serious minded to create an enduring literature.

The way in which the world war has got into American writing, or rather the way in which it has failed to get into it, in any deep sense, confirms me in this belief. The publishers' lists, to be sure, are not wanting in titles of war books, nor do our reviews and magazines lack articles on every conceivable aspect of the great struggle. But such books and articles hardly pretend to be more than journalism, ephemeral record, momentary reactions to the stupendous drama. The war has not yet got under the skin of our writers so that it has become of their blood and bone. It is still "news" to them, with the sensation value of daily news. At first, in those first breathless, dazed months it was to be expected that the habits and preoccupations of our writers like those of our business men would rest in their fixed grooves.

There was for a long time the inevitable inclination to regard the war as something remote from the personal interests of the New World, as from its political interests—something to be looked upon from a safe distance with curiosity mingled with aversion. Indeed, in certain quarters it was ignored as far as possible so that an unperturbed spirit might follow its accustomed path. Thus in the second year of the great war a substantial magazine of the "literary" class could announce with an ostrichlike complacency an editorial policy of wholly avoiding the war and keeping its pages free from the emotions and alarms that were distracting the civilized world.

For two or three years after the fatal summer of 1914 there continued to flow from American presses an undiminished stream of purely American books, novels of Alaskan wilds, of cowboys and ranches, of new millionaires and old "society," of extinct New England towns and musty religious problems, etc., etc. This mixed stream of national literary interest has not yet dried up, scarcely diminished in volume, although by now American authors must have exhausted pretty well their before-the-war crops of manuscript and, incidentally, must have discovered the war as a human phenomenon, if not as imaginative material for their craft. But now that at last, this nation has been absorbed into the conflict, the reflection of it in our letters should appear presently. No doubt instead of western stories or drummer tales or sociological anxieties we shall have a shower of war diaries, trench yarns, and spy stories, as well as more technical and philosophical discussions of this one most insistent human interest.

This shift of subject, of course, will not make literature, in the real sense, any more than the daily reports from the battle fronts make literature. To fuse this war

experience into literature, to make out of it a distinctively American contribution to the human record of the war, there must pass something from the tragic experience into the minds and the souls, not only of American writers but also of American readers—for to the making of any literature must go first an understanding public. In the welter of American war books already put forth there has been slight evidence of this spiritual transmutation of the raw material. Little enough, it might be added, in French and English war books. To put the matter more bluntly,—if the war were to end to-day—and the literary account of it were to be made up now—there would be a wealth of matter for the historian, but little, very little, to enter on the imaginative record of mankind. And we Americans would swiftly revert to our cowboys and girl heroines, to our old games and problems.

The war, however, will not end to-day nor to-morrow, and our participation in its dangers and sacrifices, in its spiritual drama above all, must inevitably grow with amazing rapidity. Soon there will not be a nook in all our great country that can safely ignore the war, nor a man or woman who can successfully put aside its persistent questioning and searching of the human mind. We cannot think as we once thought, we cannot feel as we once felt, we cannot plan as we once planned. We shall know that we have passed into a new

world of self-consciousness, and for good or ill the doors of the old world are closed upon us—forever. The war will no longer pass before our eyes in the headlines of the newspaper as some inexplicable and remote phenomenon, that cannot touch our being. It will pass into our hearts and souls. And then the war, having got under our skins, having become part of the national consciousness, must inevitably pass into our literature as the larger, the more absorbing part of ourselves.

Specifically I take it the war will give us American ideas,—a larger knowledge of the world in which we live and of the tangled interests of the peoples of the world. We shall shed some of our complacent provinciality and ignorance. Again it will give us larger and more complex perceptions of human relations. And finally it will enrich us with emotions, not purely personal. The generation of Americans that will emerge from these years of world trial will have less in common with the past generations of Americans and more in common with other peoples. As a people we shall have grown in understanding not only of ourselves but of the world outside. And it is from understanding—also one might say from suffering and trial—that is created that fine, sensitive, complex consciousness of life necessary for the making of a serious literature.

ROBERT HERRICK.

After One Evening

Surely, we have not come so far to stand
 Dumb in the presence of our hearts' desire!
 By more than sight, by more than touch of hand
 We must make known the old informing fire.
 Surely, there is a language we can speak,
 Since winds may preach and silver tongues of rain
 Chasten with fervor many a mountain peak
 And cleanse the gray communicants again!
 This little movement of our lips has wrung
 Some violence out of silence, like a threat.
 O now that all the earth has risen to shout
 Praises of grass, and buds grow quick among
 The willow spinneys, can we not forget
 Symbols and words that answer but with doubt?

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

original of 1890. January 11

The Structure of Lasting Peace

VI.

SOME PROBLEMS OF READJUSTMENT: POLITICAL BOUNDARIES AND NATIONAL RIGHTS

"No annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities" has become a familiar formula for the settlement of the war's issues, dear to the hearts of doctrinaire political radicals and to the minds of sentimentalizing pacifists. Its generality and vagueness are the best of its endearing virtues. It is as unreflective, as unregarding of the concrete and specific constituents of an organization of democratic peace as the formulæ of the pan-Germanists among the Central Powers or the panic-Americans and bitter-enders, like Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Bolo Pasha, among the democracies of the Entente. The notion on which the latter advocate their readjustment is the notion of *vae victis*, and for the junkers of Germany nothing could be more apropos to keep the people of Germany at war in their interest. The notion which guides the anti-annexationists is in effect that of the status quo ante, and that is only just less desirable to the irresponsible German governing class than German victory. The formula against annexations, contributions, and indemnities really looks backward. It denies to the war the salutary consequences in the reorganization of mankind which alone can a little mitigate its horror. If acted upon, it would in a generation bring on a new war with the same motives in play as in this one. Considered squarely, it is a piece of what William James used to call vicious abstractionism, generated without consideration of the specific issues and living problems it is intended to relieve and to settle; situations and problems which, moreover, have themselves so changed in character and implication since the beginning of the war, that the bearing of any formula upon them, including the formulæ of democracy and nationality that dominate these studies, require a constant and watchful readjustment which renders a priori assumptions of any sort venturesomely speculative.

Assumptions, however, must be made, and their danger is lessened in the degree

in which they utter the enduring motives in human nature and social action. In the light of these, as well as in view of the originating conditions and purposes of the present war, a lasting peace cannot be a negotiated peace. A lasting peace must needs be a dictated peace, and the dictator's victory must needs be at least so thoroughgoing as to compel, should it be found desirable, those members of the Central-European establishment whose policy is responsible for the atrocities on the high seas, in Belgium, in France, in Poland, and in Armenia, to stand public trial for murder. Peace without this degree of victory is too likely to be only an armistice: students of ancient history may recall the "negotiated" peace of Nikias between Athens and Sparta during the Peloponnesian war, a peace that served only to prolong the intolerable agony of the noblest family of mankind that antiquity knew. Even a German peace would be better, because more enduring, than a negotiated one and a German peace would mean submission to the German hegemony over civilization. It would mean this even if the government of Germany were well-intentioned toward mankind. It would mean this because outside of the regions of sentimentality and dialectic might is right, because history is the record of claims and privileges of the few over the many yielded by the many to force, deferred to through custom, and finally revered and idolized through old age. The claims and privileges of dynasties and churches are the most notorious instances, and the less conspicuous ones are infinite. International democracy will have to be established by force and sustained by force, before it becomes naturalized in the economy of civilization by education, self-sustaining through habit, and finally sacred through immemorial old-age. Even national democracy, it must be remembered, is a very young and tender plant in this Christian civilization of ours, a plant not yet quite secure even in countries where it sprang

original of no. 10. 1918

fully panoplied from the heads of the Fathers. Force alone can replace anarchy in international relations by law, even as it has done so in personal relations. Whether that force be military, or of another specification, is indifferent. The illusion that in personal relations "right is might" derives from the fact that the might which sustains the right that is might is not so visible in those relations as in the relations between states. Right is might only by the force of the collective pressure of society toward this "right." The rule of law is the rule of the largely unseen, but the ready and watchful power of the state whose visible symbol is the policeman on his beat.

Hence, lasting peace is to be grounded upon two postulated events. First, a democratic victory with the permanent maintenance of sufficient organized force, whether military, or economic, or both, to keep secure the fruits of this victory. Secondly, such definition of the settlement and such use of the insuring force as to invigorate and expand the creative instrumentalities that are inevitably making for the internationalization of mankind. These instrumentalities have gone, in our survey, by the names democracy and nationality. And the significant thing about them is that they are ideals even more than they are instrumentalities.

There exist, however, within the councils of the Entente itself strongly entrenched interests unwilling to consider a settlement in terms other than those of the traditional diplomatic piracy. Between the luckily abolished Russian bureaucracy and France and England, between Italy and these powers and Rumania and these powers, agreements exist which if carried out would have led to a new war within less than a generation, agreements altogether counter to the announced fundamentals for which England and the United States entered the war. Happily, events have taken the issue from the hands of intriguing diplomacy in Russia, and President Wilson, speaking for the people of the United States, is determined to keep unsullied the record of our country in this crisis in the affairs of mankind. But a traditionally ordained residuum remains,

like the commercial "war after the war," and the land-grabbing claims of the various lesser allies of the Entente, and the claims of its numerous protégés—the "small nations" of Europe, Poles and Letts and Lithuanians and Jugo-Slavs and Ukrainians and Finns. These clamor for their establishment as sovereign states with all that this implies. Each of them has at its mercy minorities of other nationalities whom it bitterly opposes, the attitude of the Polish nationalists toward the Jews leaving nothing to be desired even by a Prussian in ferocious cruelty. The problem of readjustment is at bottom the problem of reconciling these counter-claims, of redefining the post-bellum economic programme and the actual territorial lusts of the major powers in harmony with the principles of democracy and nationality.

It has already been indicated how completely these principles controvert the traditional assumptions of exclusive state-sovereignties from which international "law" and diplomatic deviation derive; how they utter the more deep-lying conditions and forms of the organization of Europe—those that are so obvious that they go unnoticed save when an assault upon them is made. What they point to, in the post-bellum reorganization of mankind, is far less a shifting of ante-bellum boundaries than a redefinition of the rights and duties pertaining to peoples living outside as well as within those boundaries, in their relations to one another. At no point on the map of Europe are ethnic coincident with political boundaries. The political nationalism which seeks to create these coincidences, thus multiplying the number of irresponsible sovereignties, is as vicious as it is blind. It seeks merely to multiply the type of situation in which this civil war began. The festering areas of this situation were, of course, the Balkans, where the conflicts were in play of the Balkan peoples with Turkish dominion, of Serbian economic necessity with Bulgarian national confraternity, of Serbian national sympathy with Austro-Hungarian economic greed, and the group and personal aspirations of all these peoples with German economic greed and cultural paranoia. War only universalized and dynamified

these conflicts. Under the political system of independent state-sovereignties, it was unavoidable.

Where, however, the principles of democracy and nationality operate, the state is not, it will be remembered, the paramount and all-compelling social organization. It is one, among many others, coördinate with them, and serving a very definite and highly specialized function with regard to them—the function of umpire, of regulation and equalization, in the issues that arise between them. In terms of its function the state is an administrative area, not a cultural nor a racial one, and the problems and technique of administration are constituted of quite other considerations than those of race and culture. These others, and these alone, have any claim to enter into the definition of political boundaries, and they are reduceable to just one—the scientifically ascertainable limits of administrative efficiency in view of the economic and cultural interdependence of mankind. The geography of an area, the relation of its contiguous nationalities to waterways and harbors and railways are much more significant for the happiness of these nationalities in their political correlations than any form of racial hegemony. Thus, the unity of the British Empire is functionally of a very different kind from the unity of the United States of America or the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Great Britain's colonies and provinces, peopled by her own nationalities, have a tremendously completer independence than America's constituent "sovereign" states; Austria's Hungary has the sovereignty, and more, of Britain's Canada; Austria's Bohemia, that of an American state; her Bosnia none at all. The constituent nationalities of Russia, prior to the revolution without any sovereignty whatsoever, are now aiming at complete political independence regardless of all other considerations, regardless, that is, of the very conditions on which their national lives must be built.

Now political experience makes, on the whole, against the small nation-state. It is always quarreling with its equals and an object of desire to its superiors. Its sovereignty rests on sufferance, even with "in-

ternational guarantees" (occasion turns these into "scraps of paper"), and its prosperity is a provocation. Experience would create quite other satisfactions, for the claims of the Entente's protégés, than political sovereignty. The case of the Jugo-Slavs is here the crucial, the test case. These eight or more varieties of the Slavonic species have all the traits of nationality. Among them the Serbo-Croats are politically the most significant and culturally the most self-conscious. They constitute, indeed, ethnically, as well as otherwise, a single nationality. Their political entanglements have precipitated the war. They are citizens in the two sovereign states Serbia and Montenegro, and subjects in the Magyar dependencies of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The programme of political nationalism would combine these areas into a greater Serbia under the present Serbian ruling house. The Montenegrin king is naturally reluctant to surrender his dynastic prerogative, and is said, in spite of his acquiescence, to be flirting with Austrian nuntios. The Berlin-Buda-Pesth financiers, again, and the promoters of Mittel-Europa, cannot imaginably relax their grip on Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the conduct of the Hungarian rulers toward their Slavonic subjects Prussianism had a perfect incarnation. This conduct is to be sharply distinguished from that of the Austrians toward their Slavonic fellow-citizens. The former is far more a model of frightfulness than Prussia in Alsace and Lorraine; the latter manifested the wise statesmanship that distinguished England's relations, since the Boer war, to her dependencies. Francis Ferdinand, the murdered archduke, planned to extend the Austrian policy to the whole of the Dual Kingdom. Rumor will not down that his murder was arranged in Berlin and Buda in order to prevent the federal coördination of all the nationalities in the empire, a coördination which would have made the way toward Mittel-Europa a difficult one indeed, and would have deprived the politico-nationalist Serbo-Croats of their most dynamic motive. The present emperor, it happens, is even more set upon this coördination than the late Archduke. His plans and

hopes, neither, suit junker Germany nor nationalist Slav. His plans and hopes, however, whether through self-interest or intelligence, are in harmony with the geographical and economic determinants of the fate of all the nationalities herein involved, the independent states of Serbia and Montenegro included. These states have undergone wars for the sake of railways and access to the sea. Those desirable, and many more, may come to their people by a political union with Austria-Hungary. Such a union would be a violation of the formula "no annexation"; but if it is a union on a democratic basis, under effective guarantees, it becomes as true that Austria is annexed to them, as they to it.

Such guarantees, however, require a radical change in the constitution of the Dual Monarchy, a great easement upon its sovereignty. They would need profoundly to alter the incidence of taxation, the scope of suffrage, and the conditions of cultural and religious organization. Even with the very desirable creation of the wished-for Greater Serbia as a part of the new Austrian Commonwealth of politically equal nationalities, the guarantees could not be merely written into the law of the land alone. To be effective, they would have to be trans-national, enforceable by international intervention. Prescription is futile without enforcement, as the notorious example of the much-chastened and newly enlightened Rumania shows. Under the provisions of the treaty of Berlin which established this dynastic and landlord-ridden state (now striving nobly and with heroic effort toward democracy, economic as well as political), Jews, on whom the Rumanian political mediævalism bore even harder than on the Rumanian peasant, were to be established in citizenship equally with their fellow-countrymen. Rumanian legislation rendered these provisions completely nugatory. The taboo on "interference in a state's internal affairs" kept the Jews from appeal and redress. The Jewish minority was and is completely at the mercy of the non-Jewish majority. The war has led the Rumanian government of its own motion to plan to remove this tragic injustice, but had there existed an

international court with power to enforce its verdicts, to which the minority or the powerless could have appealed, the history not only of the Jews but of the downtrodden peasants of Rumania might have been otherwise written.

In a readjustment such as the basic needs of their peoples show as wisest for Austria-Hungary and her Slavic subjects and Slavic rivals, the lesson is obvious. The geographically and economically defined administrative area which may be the state of Austria-Hungary-Serbia, would be much larger than the original. The state would be a democratic coöperative commonwealth of nationalities with their social and cultural differences strengthened and enhanced by their economic and political unity. To secure this, however, to turn what is written as a law into what is practiced as a life would require a superior authority to which endangered minorities could appeal and from which they might actually get justice.

As with Austria-Hungary, so with Russia and her constituent nationalities, with France and Alsace-Lorraine, with the other Balkan states. The chief problem in a readjustment that shall be advantageous to the masses of men rather than to governments and other vested interests is the problem of creating a machinery that shall effectively safeguard the rights of minority nationalities to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Without such a machinery exclusive sovereignties, and wars, are inevitable. With it the nullification of international obligations becomes impossible, the whole political programme based on the present state-system irrelevant. The quarrels will fall to the ground that have arisen among Poles over dragooning the unwilling Bohemians, who have in recent years been perfectly well off with Austria, into union with their chauvinist fellow nationals of Russia, who have learned nothing from history and remain as intolerant and piratical as the Shlakta whose selfishness and sensualism destroyed the Polish state. And so the quarrels of the Ukrainians, the Ruthenians, the Finns, and others with the Russians. So, quarrels anywhere between

nationalities. Once democracy, in accord, of course, with the living law and the enduring moods of a people, is prescribed for an economico-political area, and minorities in such an area are safeguarded by the proper machinery of law, the creative

and coöperative tendencies in human nature and the compulsion of the industrial machine will, other things being equal, automatically and without restriction effect the indefinite duration of peace.

H. M. KALLEN.

Corrupted Dramatic Critics

One of these days when the financial depression in the playhouse at last exceeds the mental depression, some Gordon Craig is going to rise up and propose to cure the theatre by killing the critics.

There will be sympathizers. The critics themselves, first of all. For little does the public appreciate the joy of buying a ticket at the box office of the speculator in the Hotel Astorbilt or of seeing a play with no more serious problem in mind than whether Robert Mantell wears a toupee or how much the feminine figure has deteriorated since the rigorous tighted days of Weber & Fields. But the critic is never likely to win such sympathetic understanding while he retains his position as a professional person, and profits by the public's inability to penetrate learned hokus-pokus. Barring an occasional Molière and Shaw, the world has failed to penetrate the pretences of the professions even when they were most vulnerable. Perhaps if dramatic critics were to be officially classed as day laborers—unskilled—under some wartime census, instead of special practitioners with office hours from 8:15 to 12 p. m. there might be hope. Perhaps they might then get over a few of their worst habits. They might stop behaving like mid-Victorian "literary men" accepting each play as a figment without economic, social, or ethical base. They might stop treating the American theatre as a series of separate plays, not as an organization. They might stop describing the effect of the play on themselves, instead of their—and your and my—effect on the play, and its presumable interaction with society. They might stop weighing that reaction of their mental epidermis in the fuddling old scales of absolute judgments. They might begin to understand society both behind the curtain and in front. They might begin to understand the economics

of American industrialism. They might even begin to understand the economics of the American theatre.

Until they do, they will remain pettifogging "literary men," frank panderers to theatre owners and theatregoers, or, at best, men who abuse the "commercial manager" without understanding what makes him the worst business man, as well as the worst artist, in the world.

In such times as these, with the professional theatre going rapidly—though doubtless temporarily, as heretofore—to the wall, the callousness of the critic becomes peculiarly maddening. Perhaps as maddening as the theatrical system on which this callousness has been polished. It drives one to the desperate paradox of affirming that the critic is not familiar enough with the commercial methods of the playhouse because he is altogether too familiar with them—in a wholly subjective way. I like to think this true, not because it is charitable, but because I know that the majority of our plays are inferior trash and the majority of our critics corrupt or corrupted, and that the economic organization of the American theatre, with its long-run system in New York and its touring system on the road, is responsible for both conditions. I like to think that it is these facts which have driven me out of the newspapers into THE DIAL.

At any rate, in my six years of dramatic criticism I collected plentiful evidence of this critical corruption; and all of it did not leave me with the impression that the "commercial manager" was the root of the trouble. The public has been fully supplied, of course, with cases unfavorable to the manager: the story of Norman Hapgood's fight with the Syndicate; the barring of Walter Prichard Eaton and Alexander Woolcott by the Shuberts and of Metcalf and Alan Dale and Louis

Sherwin by Klaw & Erlanger; the troubles of Delamarter, Hammond, and Collins in Chicago, and of Salita Solano in Boston. But if you are close to the open secrets of the journalistic profession you may have heard that while the New York "Globe" and "Times" supported Hapgood and Woolcott in their fights, it was the newspapers which knuckled down in the cases of Walter Prichard Eaton, Alan Dale, and William Winter, and that at least two critics are supposed to have left a New York evening paper because of the hostility aroused in the breasts of a person of the prominence of David Belasco and communicated to the owner.

If you are as close to the newspapers as a critic, you would know that there are not more than half a dozen papers east of the Mississippi on which a critic has a free hand and is protected from corruption by innuendo as well as intimidation. To state only the most flagrant cases, in one of the four leading cities of the country the critic of the largest evening paper is also its advertising solicitor, while a morning paper pays its critic a salary in which is figured a percentage on the receipts from theatrical advertising. In another of these cities, one dramatic editor may be found of a Friday inspecting the list of Sunday advertising before making up his theatrical page, while persons asking for advertising rates on another page are referred to the dramatic editor for information; and in the same town a leading progressive paper requires its critic to write an absolutely fixed number of lines about each new opening paying for a corresponding size of advertisement.

If you are as close to the newspapers as, say, a press agent, you may receive from the dramatic department of a very prominent New York paper a letter containing the following sentence: "If you will see that the Evening _____ receives the full Sunday copy on Saturday, we will be glad to help your show along when it opens." This is the usual introduction to the "dollar criticism" of a chain of the country's most popular papers, where a rigid adherence to "so much for so much" replaces the older editorial motto, "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Some of us have been lucky enough not

to work for this sort of paper. But, for all that, our way has not been straight and narrow—and simple. We have had to meet the competition of the other kind of critic, and the wiles of the commercial manager which these papers are encouraging. In the end it is a moral drive that the honest critic has to face—and no offensive is harder to stop.

For instance, it is the custom of the theatres to send their press agents round to the newspapers once a week with pictures and special articles, and they pick, of all days, Tuesdays. This means, in cities outside New York, that the day the critic's review appears, he knows he must face and talk to men who earn their bread by the thing that he may have to do his best to kill. Worse still, he knows that these men will come from other newspaper offices where their wares have been respectfully received.

When the manager is not reminding the critic corporeally of the existence of himself and his fortunes, he is doing it by mail. Not a week passed in which some notice from one of the major theatres in Philadelphia did not reach me with the penciled message in the bottom corner: "30 line ad Saturday," or "2 col. ad tomorrow," or "150 lines next week." Sometimes special notes came along, too. Here is a characteristic one: "The Blank Theatre will use 75 lines of advertising space daily during the week commencing Monday next. In view of this fact, can we ask that you will give extra attention to our press notice and see that this house is well looked after both as regards the Sunday notice and also Tuesday's review?"

To conclude my personal experiences with theatrical corruption, I had one very clear intimation, during my work in Philadelphia, of what would have happened to me and my job if I had worked on an average newspaper instead of the best in the city. It involved, first, a request from the manager of two of the leading playhouses that I cease to review his plays on Tuesdays, while continuing to give them routine advance notices, special articles and pictures; and, second, the cutting down of the advertising space of all the

major theatres to four or five lines each, when I added to my criticisms occasional reflections on the effect of economic organization on art in the American theatre.

So much for the pressure of managers and press agents. Its effectiveness, it must be obvious, does not depend on the honesty of the business office downstairs. Its purely spiritual effect is bound to be felt. No critic can face it month in and season out, if he has any of that sensitiveness which is not undesirable in a good critic. He knows that his fellow critics are jumping through the managerial hoop, and he knows that no matter how loud the business management of the paper may be in its declaration that the advertising department has no connection with the editorial, every time he ignores the managerial pleas to which his fellows accede, his paper stands to lose revenue. In the last analysis he feels at the bottom of his heart that newspapers prefer tact to truth; and when he contemplates the calibre of the art over which all this pother is raised, he finds it easy to understand the newspaper proprietor's lack of interest in serious criticism.

Perhaps some managing editor may think the American theatre and its plays worthy the labor and cost of solving this problem of criticism versus advertising. But even if it can be solved, the solution will leave untouched a far worse evil. It is a basic evil. It underlies both the American theatre and the American newspaper.

The long-run system of Broadway, with the touring system through the lesser cities, drives steadily towards the production of plays that are more and more broadly and obviously popular. The huge profits possible have made competition so keen that the costs of production have risen steadily as managers seek more costly casts and scenery to insure success. The increased costs have made only the most prosperous of runs possible. And the most prosperous of runs, first in New York and then on the road, must hinge on a play that has the broadest and most commonplace of appeals, and is bolstered up by criticism just as obvious. Our amusement gamble, calling for tremendously profitable successes to offset wasteful investments and big chances, calls just as

loudly for startling, violent phrases of commendation to throw in the face of a public that has no other guide to what it may expect in any particular theatre.

The manager doesn't have to buy these phrases—if he only knew it. They are gladly supplied gratis by the man who wants to see his name quoted on the billboards and in the electric lights. "There's too much commercialism in the critics as well as the managers," says George C. Tyler. It all means a pandering to managerial cupidity and to the public's taste for sensation. The result ranges from banalities like "a happy hit" and "scores a ripping success," through extravagances like "It bites. It stings. It hits!" to such a gem as "Go and see the Barrie play if you have to pawn your socks."

Such criticism is on the face of it the reflection of an unhealthy theatre, a theatre that has become a combination of 8-day race, gladiatorial contest and a great public disaster. People who are interested in such a theatre want to "collect" the successes—to be "in on" all the "events of the season." They want the critic to help them—to tell them when to rush to this or that theatre where a play is sure to be all the vogue. Naturally the critic is soon trying quite as hard as the play to be a "success." In New York, where plays are unknown quantities on their first-nights, he conducts a guessing contest in popularity. On the road, where plays bring a record of Broadway success, he must rise to the still higher function of recording that success as capably and violently as possible.

Of course, the best thing that can be said of most critics is that they are no worse than the plays they have to write about; and the worst thing is that they do not see the system which brings them such plays, and how this system has corrupted their courage and reduced the quality of their work by capitalizing the obvious, the "punchy," in criticism as much as in plays.

Such criticism matches the system it pretends to guide. Criticism of that system—the most vital service a critic can do the American theatre to-day—is too much to expect. Until that system shall have been radically reformed we must content ourselves with criticizing the critics.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

A Residuary Legatee of the Victorians

RECOLLECTIONS. By John, Viscount Morley. 2 vols. (Macmillan Co.; \$7.50.)

John Morley is the residuary legatee of the Victorian age. Born in 1838, he went to Oxford in the late fifties, the Oxford of reaction from the Movement, the Oxford of Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Stanley and Goldwin Smith, of Mark Pattison and Thomas Hill Green. He went up to London to become editor of the "Fortnightly Review," one of three new magazines which constituted the national forum in which the intellectual controversies of the age were fought out—in which Huxley defended Darwin and Agnosticism against Gladstone, and Mr. Frederick Harrison expounded Comte and Positivism, and Matthew Arnold preached the gospel of culture, and Mr. W. H. Mallock subjected all the new philosophies to the criticism of his trenchant logic, in the interest of Roman Catholic authority. All these Morley knew as fellow-journalists, and also the greater figures of the background—Carlyle, and John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer; George Eliot and George Meredith. He came into contact with the three foreigners who contributed the most powerful romantic strains to English sentiment and political thought, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and George Sand. He set forth the philosophic sources of the liberalism of the nineteenth century in his studies of Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, and Burke. He entered Parliament in 1883 under the aegis of Joseph Chamberlain. He wrote the biographies of the two men whose political conceptions marked most profoundly, one the earlier, the other the later, Victorian period, Cobden and Gladstone. Altogether, if any man is entitled to recollections of the Victorian age that man is Viscount Morley.

And recollections these are in form, not studied autobiography. Indeed, from the tone of autobiography, from self-analysis, or self-portraiture, or self-defence, these volumes are remarkably free. We are not told of the tragedy, if such there was, of declining faith in Morley's abandonment of the evangelicalism of his youth for the rationalism of his manhood. We are not told of the inner struggle, if such there was, of his separation from Chamberlain on Home Rule, or from Asquith and Sir Edward Grey on the issue of the present war. We are not told of love,

or marriage, or pecuniary and social difficulties in the great world in which he came to move. There emerges, indeed, the outline of a splendid and fascinating career—of progress from briefless barrister and publisher's adviser, to editorial impresario and member of Parliament and Cabinet Minister, the Order of Merit and a peerage, but of the personal triumph of the attainment of these steps, not a word. The most sustained personal passage is that in which he dwells on his fondness for Lucretius.

And yet there is a personal note throughout the book which marks Lord Morley as, by temperament, the fit biographer of his age. The abiding impression which the book leaves is of an immense genius for friendship. Morley was personally or intellectually or politically almost the next of kin to an extraordinary number of the great figures whose names fill his pages. Perhaps the cordiality with which he, the son of a country doctor, was received and appreciated by men of higher station called forth an answering loyalty. At all events, he is content to appear in his memoirs always as the confidant, the acolyte. One wonders whether in the whole course of his recollections he has a keener pleasure than when he records the words which he found in Gladstone's diary, written during the second struggle for Home Rule: "J. M. is on the whole about the best stay I have."

It is remarkable indeed to what a number and variety of souls Morley played the *fidus Achates*, of how many confidences he was the recipient, of how many farewells and valedictories he was the speaker. He tells us with a certain stoic tenderness of his last meetings with John Stuart Mill, and George Meredith. At the unveiling of the monument to John Bright he was the orator. Herbert Spencer, as death approached, selected him as standing out "above others as one from whom words would come most fitly." He paid the last tribute to Matthew Arnold in the House of Commons. Of Leslie Stephen and Campbell-Bannerman and Vernon Harcourt he records in these volumes his final estimate with the beautiful and appropriate phrases of a classical epitaph. Of Joseph Chamberlain he tells us, "As his end drew near we sent one another heartfelt words of affectionate farewell. Meanwhile for thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers." Nor can we forget his account of the scene in which he fulfilled the duty of a son in breaking to Mrs. Gladstone the news that her husband's

retirement from his great office was necessary—while Gladstone played backgammon.

The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. Had gone through so many crises and they had all come out right in the end; had calculated that the refreshment of the coming journey to Biarritz would change his thoughts and purpose. I told her that language had been used which made change almost impossible. Well, then, would not the Cabinet change, when they knew the perils with which his loss would surround them? I was obliged to keep to iron facts. What a curious scene! Me breaking to her that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation; the rattle of the dice on the backgammon board, and the laughter and chucklings of the two long-lived players, sounding a strange running refrain.

This quality of human intimacy, of companionship, gives a peculiar charm to the book, as of a sunny and smiling landscape. And in a subtle way this serves to characterize for us the Victorian era, the epoch which we are only just beginning to see in softening perspective as a checkered afternoon of sunshine and showers between the stormy morning of the opening century and the threatening evening of its close. It was a time of immense unsettlement, religious, political, social, and yet a time of serious confidence and of earnest hope. The pessimism of Carlyle, echoed by Ruskin, was of the past, and the workers of the present, differing as they did, were united in a belief in progress. Huxley believed that man, awakened to a sense of his true place in Nature and the lease which he held of her, would make intelligence a contributing factor in his survival. George Eliot assured Morley "that she saw no reason why the Religion of Humanity should not have a good chance of taking root." Matthew Arnold dared to talk hopefully of the pursuit of our total perfection, and of the state as representing "the right reason of the nation." Cobden, Bright, Gladstone believed in an international right reason based on the political economy of the Manchester school. These were the thinkers who made the psychological climate in which Morley grew up. This hopefulness, shared by workers in so many different fields, gave to the whole intellectual society a contagious confidence and a mutual buoyancy. The sense of great problems pressing for solution raised human intercourse to a higher intellectual level than ever before, and made intellectual respect, even among those who differed most widely, a basis of tolerance. Ex-communication was unknown. A spiritual urbanity, as distinct as the literary etiquette of the

Augustans, gave manners to dissent and took the sting out of controversy. In giving this total impression of his time, Lord Morley does for us what the letter writers have done for the earlier, and the diarists for the later, Georgian age. Among the throng of poets, novelists, philosophers, scientists, publicists called up by his "Recollections," he moves with gentle dignity and winning grace. Of the kindness, the intimacy, the intellectual Arcadianism of that now so far-away Victorian age no one is more perfectly representative than John Morley.

It is, of course, as a representative of Liberalism that Lord Morley is at the present moment a most significant, and, as the survivor of its bankruptcy, a most pathetic figure. He entered Parliament in 1883, under the ministry of Gladstone, which John Bright had quitted two years before when it surrendered to the imperialists and stamped out the promising national movement of young Egypt under Arabi Pasha. Morley's first significant appearance in the House was in moving an amendment against the government in regard to its course in Egypt and the Soudan. When Gladstone, as if to avert his eyes from the spectacle of the betrayal of nationalities, and the spectre of universal carnage which loomed behind it, turned with atoning zeal to free Ireland, however, Morley became his lieutenant. In the short ministry of 1886 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and resumed that office when Gladstone returned to power in 1892. He was fearless in his reliance on humanity and good faith in his dealings with the Irish. Unlike so many liberals when confronted with the responsibilities of office, he scorned to take refuge in repression. And always with the true faith of the Victorian Liberal he dwelt on the moral aspect of Irish Home Rule, linking it with the great triumph of liberal political thought in the *Risorgimento*. "Gladstone," he says in a characteristic passage, "was the only man among us all who infused commanding moral conception into the Irish movement—the only man who united the loftiest ideals of national life and public duty with the glory of words, the moral genius of Mazzini with the political genius of Cavour."

When the Boer War came in response to the policy of Chamberlain and Milner, once more it was the moral issue that preoccupied Morley. He literally took his life in his hand when he

went to Manchester to speak in support of the small republics and against the war.

"The war party had publicly advertised and encouraged attempts to smash the meeting, and young men were earnestly exhorted in patriotic prints at least for one night to sacrifice their billiards and tobacco for the honor of their native land. . . . The Chairman was Bright's eldest son, but not a word was he allowed to utter by an audience of between eight and ten thousand people. Then my turn came, and for ten minutes I had to face the same severe ordeal." But he captured the crowd by the assertion that he was a Lancashire man, and was then allowed to proceed to his splendid peroration. "You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry: it will be wrong. A war of the strongest government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory: it will be wrong. You may make thousands of women widows, and thousands of children fatherless: it will be wrong. It may add a new province to your empire: it will be wrong. You may give buoyancy to the African stock and share market: it will still be wrong."

To one fatal defect in the Liberal political system of these years Lord Morley bears witness. That he was aware of the importance of retaining control of the Foreign Office by the House of Commons is shown by his pregnant account of the negotiation which he and Harcourt conducted with Lord Rosebery on the latter's assumption of office in 1895. "This was to secure the point that the leader of the H. of C. was to see all telegrams and dispatches of the F. O. . . . Harcourt at once drove up to B. Square, surrendered the point, and generally fell in with a Rosebery premiership. No doubt, if I had joined him in making a protest against a foreign secretary in the Lords, with a definite refusal to join unless that point were conceded, this, as R. afterwards told me, would have broken off the plan, and he would have thrown up his task. It seems curious that none of us realised how essentially fatal to the very idea of a sound and workable arrangement was the difference between two schools of imperial policy."

"Curious that none of us realized!" For the next twenty years, during more than half of which Lord Morley was a cabinet minister, he knew no more of what the Foreign Secretary was about than his constituents who sent him to Westminster to represent them. His recollec-

tions of this period are chiefly those of his correspondence as Secretary of State for India with Lord Minto, the Governor General, urging always a high-minded and liberal treatment of the people of that dependency. Indeed, so persistent is Lord Morley's recollection of his absorption in this one task that he gives the effect of an elaborate alibi from the cabinet of which he was a member. When in 1914 he discovered his total ignorance of the international engagements in accordance with which England went to war, he resigned. Of this there is no mention in the "Recollections," and to present-day politics but one reference, that to the surrender of Asquith and Lloyd-George to a coalition ministry.

As it happened in the fulness of time our distinguished apostles of Efficiency came into supreme power, with a share in the finest field for efficient diplomacy and an armed struggle, that could have been imagined. Unhappily they broke down, or thought they had (1915), and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine.

These lines have a note of disappointment, even of bitterness, quite at variance with the spirit of the book. More characteristic is the passage in the last chapter in which Lord Morley pronounces, in his noblest manner, his final panegyric on the Victorian age.

Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another.

Never has the intellectual beauty of the Victorian age been more truly and eloquently defined; never has it been more brilliantly and sympathetically exemplified than by Viscount Morley's "Recollections."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Patriotism Without Vision

THE WORLD PERIL. By Members of the Princeton Faculty. (Princeton University Press; \$1.)

Seven Princeton professors have undertaken to educate public opinion to the fact that Germany is a world peril and to clarify the principles for which the United States is contending. In so far as it is typical of well informed opinion their book illustrates the urgency of a formative discussion if President Wilson shall enunciate at the peace conference an intelligent and clearly formulated programme representative of the determinations of the American people. The present trend of public sentiment is discouraging for those who have hoped this war might give birth to an international organization which would substitute a regulated behavior for a destructive competition of interests as between absolute sovereignties. Those who undertake to instruct the people are content to re-emphasize the reasons which made a break with Germany inevitable, rather than to concentrate attention upon the ideals which must become actualized if this war shall not have been in vain. German historians, statesmen, and writers upon international law are quoted voluminously in demonstration of Germany's purpose to rely upon the law of necessity as over against respectable acquiescence in the precepts of international law. It is assumed that international law, to quote Mr. Edward S. Corwin, expresses the "verdict of the tribunal of the civilized world." And, in this book, Mr. Corwin seems willing to substantiate the illusion. He attempts to confute German adherence to the law of necessity in relations between nations by an analogous case selected from an English court of law! It is important to distinguish between a description of fact and a rule of behavior. We should realize that the international situation is one in which law is merely the precedent established by the strong nation, observed only in so far as national interests are thereby fostered, and that it in no way voices the collective wishes of nations, and they will unite in an effort to substitute law for an unregulated competition of interests. We can admit that the Germans have accurately described the international situation. It is necessary, however, if we would make clear the purpose of the United States, as expressed by President Wilson, to prevent the Central Empires from transforming an existing fact into an approved and permanent rule of procedure. We hope to assist in the creation of a world of law out of a present world of chaos and anarchy.

The importance of accurately understanding the correct international situation is re-enforced by reading Mr. Clifton R. Hall's splendid paper concerning the two Americas. He contributes one of the best papers of short compass which has been written upon the relations of North and South America. It reviews the historical associations of the United States and the South and Central American republics, examines the Monroe Doctrine in the light of Pan-Americanism, portrays the development of our trade since the war, and discusses the means of coöperation and the requisites for those mutual understandings which alone will unify the two continents. Our exports to South America have increased three fold since 1913. They now constitute thirty-three per cent of the total imports to these countries. The conclusion of the war will involve the American merchant in a bitter contest to maintain what he has recently won. In the past, American business firms have been unable to compete with government supported foreign organizations. The English banking system and the German cartel excluded the American from the field. Until 1913 the United States banking laws forbade American banks from establishing foreign branches, and the Sherman Anti-trust Act prevented combinations of exporters for purposes of foreign trade. If by chance American merchants could overcome these handicaps they possessed no means of transportation. European lines have discriminated against Americans "by means of categorical agreements known as 'conferences' in which English, German and other companies have joined, dividing the territory among themselves, fixing rates of transportation, pooling their earnings and administering a system of rebates to crush interlopers."

Mr. Hall outlines the measures which have been adopted to overcome these difficulties. The Federal Reserve Act removes financial handicaps. The proposed Webb Law makes possible combinations of exporters in foreign trade, and the government through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is now an effective help-mate. Secretary Redfield has developed an efficient system "of regular commercial attachés to collect data and furnish advice, special agents to travel wherever needed to study local conditions, and offices in our principal cities, manned by trained experts, to disseminate information to interested parties—all this in addition to our increasingly capable consular service." Finally, the revolution in the shipping industry brought

about by the war, together with friendly Congressional legislation, seems to guarantee a period of security and development for the American merchant marine.

We are not to expect, however, that European nations will relinquish their South American trade without a struggle. Says Mr. Hall, "Experts have pointed out that, since the war began, England has made greater strides in industrial efficiency than in fifteen or twenty-five years previously . . . and that, when peace is declared, far from abdicating her sovereignty over the world's trade, she will appear in the lists re-armed, rejuvenated, and more formidable than ever." Germany, likewise, will seek to regain the markets abandoned during the war. And, "moreover, the disconcerting activity of Japan in developing new ship lines and in greatly increasing her emigration to South America introduces an added complication into an already perplexing problem."

Not only has Japan entered South America. Mr. Mason W. Tyler discusses American interests in the Far East. He shows that under pressure of the European War England and the United States have yielded a virtual monopoly to Japan. Japan has "forced China to recognize her predominant position in Manchuria, secured an extension of the lease of Port Arthur and the Manchurian Railways to ninety-nine years, and full rights to establish in that region any Japanese enterprise. In Shantung she not only secured all the economic rights hitherto held by Germany, but also greatly extended them, including the right to build, under Japanese control, the new railway opening up the northern part of the peninsula. She secured the right to control and almost monopolize the great coal and iron fields in the Yangtze valley. Finally she secured at least a prior right to the development of Fu-Kien province in southern China. Taken altogether, these concessions constitute the commencement at least, of an economic monopoly for Japan in China." The Open Door in the Far East is closed.

Now, while Americans clearly recognize that the Great War has ended their national isolation, public opinion stubbornly remains blind to the fact that this makes inevitable a conflict with the vital interests of other nations. The world trade situation is becoming more and more one in which governments are assistants if not active partners with their subjects in foreign enterprise. This presages an international competition more keen than existed before the war. Unless there

shall be what Bertrand Russell calls a neutral authority empowered to adjust interests and to institute readjustments peacefully, readjustments by force are inevitable. We should expect that a book written primarily to educate public opinion regarding war issues would squarely face this problem. The authors of *The World Peril* have not done so. Their emphasis is upon the past, not the future. Mr. Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker writes a chapter on Democracy Imperilled. The sum of his argument is to demonstrate that the development of modern Germany has been the coalescence of forces antagonistic to democracy. The implication is, crush the Kaiser and the world automatically becomes safe for democracy! The contribution of Honorable Henry van Dyke is a Fourth of July address which conforms to traditional standards. Only in the concluding chapter of the book is an attempt made to outline the essentials for world peace. In this chapter Mr. Philip Marshall Brown rejects the principle of balance of power. He represents an opinion the direct opposite of Mr. Tyler's who writes in behalf of a world balance of power. Mr. Brown clearly perceives that a peace which rests upon balance of power is a peace ultimately dependent upon force. But he suggests no tangible substitute. He insists that a first essential for future security is a democratic Germany. Secondly, the claims of nationalism must be recognized and in some way combined with local autonomy. Tariff rivalries must give way to freedom of trade between all nations. And when he has thus formulated a programme for world peace he proceeds to emasculate it in the following words: "If the law abiding, peace loving nations, however, are able to crush this outlaw (Germany) and then lay the foundations of peace in accordance with sound principles, they may have but little reason to concern themselves about the formation of 'councils,' 'leagues,' police, or even of courts. The application of the Golden Rule as the rule of enlightened self-interest among nations will need hardly any other sanction than its own sanction."

Exclusive attention to the past is peculiarly short sighted at this time. In each of the allied countries there exists a democratic element which favors a world organization for peace. Once these elements fuse and unite upon a constructive policy, they will sustain President Wilson and other liberal allied statesmen in the critical period of peace negotiations. An indispensable preliminary for this synthesis of views is a continuous discussion of the principles formulated in

recent issues of *THE DIAL*. Whatever a denunciation of the enemy may accomplish, it makes no approach towards that "concert of free peoples" urged by President Wilson. The question is no longer what caused us to enter the war, but what ideals we desire to make real through the conduct of the war. Their attainment is conditioned upon translating into definite and concrete terms what is now a more or less vague desire that nations abandon their insistence upon absolute sovereignty, that each nationality recognize itself to be a cooperative unit in a larger whole, and that the conduct of nations be no longer determined as in the past by reference to their own conceptions of vital interests but in accordance with rules of behavior based upon equality of opportunity for all and special privilege for none.

V. T. THAYER.

A Modern Russian Tone-Poet

SCRIABIN. By A. Eaglefield Hull. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.)

From his biographical sketches of Handel and Beethoven, Dr. Hull has gone a long way for the subject of the third book in his series, choosing Alexander Scriabin, the revolutionary Russian tone-poet who, in less than twenty years, made some of the most interesting and important experiments which have ever been made in musical art. But he has been exceedingly happy in his choice, for he has presented a most cogent and readable analysis of Scriabin's development and compositions—the best analysis available in English.

Scriabin's name is as yet scarcely recognized outside the narrow circles of the musical elect. Born in 1871, his father a young lawyer, his mother a gifted pianist, Scriabin developed into a musical wonder-child at the age of five. His acute ear and musical memory enabled him to reproduce any piece on the piano at one hearing. He showed many signs of an independent mind; he preferred always to invent rather than to copy; he extemporized on the piano with great credit long before he could write music. At the age of eight his creative genius expressed itself in musical composition and the writing of poetry; he also amused himself by cutting things out of wood and making miniature pianos. He was frequently taken to the opera, where his ears were more occupied by the orchestra than his eyes were by the stage, which may indicate why his later development was along non-operatic lines. At ten he was placed in the Army Cadet Corps, where he

remained nine years, though he showed no love for the science of war.

Scriabin's first music lessons (on the piano) were taken privately from Professor G. A. Conus, and later from Zvierieff, who also had Rachmaninoff for a pupil. The breaking of his collar bone at this time forced him during his convalescence to practice on the piano with his left hand only, which may partly account for the difficulty of the left-hand parts of many of his compositions. Later he entered the Moscow Conservatoire, where he studied pianoforte with Safonoff and counterpoint with Tancieff, both fine men and musicians whose influence was of inestimable benefit to Scriabin. Scriabin remained under Tancieff for several years, but when the latter withdrew from the conservatoire and his place was taken by Arensky, Scriabin left the class in disgust at the end of Arensky's first term because Arensky "wanted to put him back too far." He finished at the conservatoire in 1891, and entered upon his life work as virtuoso and composer, which was uninterrupted until his death, except by a period of six years beginning in 1897. About this time also he contracted an unlucky marriage, which was soon dissolved. He spent much time in Switzerland and France, besides touring America in 1906-7, where for a time he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. For two years (1909-10) he lived in Brussels, in close touch with a brilliant group of artists, thinkers, and musicians. Here his contact with the arts, science, philosophy, and religion undoubtedly influenced his naturally mystic mind, for here his masterpiece "Prometheus" was conceived and most of it written. Here also he met his second wife. He died in Moscow on April 14, 1915 from blood-poisoning, after an illness of only ten days.

In summarizing Scriabin's achievements during a busy fourteen years, it must be said that he was a modernist who evolved a new system of harmony, abandoned both major and minor scales, as well as modulation, chromatic inflection, even key signatures, and, at the time of his death, had well under way his experiments with the unification of music, color, and *mimique*. As if this were not enough, he also wove a system of theosophy into the art of his latest period. Still, one wonders whether Dr. Hull is not more prophetic than historic in his statement that "the sum total of Scriabin's work has brought about an artistic revolution unequaled in the whole history of the arts."

It is too much to expect that Scriabin should

be generally understood so soon after his death. No great composer has ever achieved full appreciation in so short a time—and probably none ever will do so, at least this side of the millennium. Indeed, Scriabin's music has scarcely been played in America. Outside of his tour of this country, the production of "Prometheus" in New York in 1915, and of the Third Symphony ("The Divine Poem") in Philadelphia about the same time, and some of his piano pieces which Josef Hoffman has played, the music of Scriabin is little known here. And because of the immense difficulty of Scriabin's music, especially the left-hand parts of his piano pieces, it will always remain beyond the ability of the common run of amateur musicians. Hence, sincere students of music will welcome the analysis of Scriabin's work which Dr. Hull has provided. Coincidentally, here is a virgin field for the makers of music for player-pianos and sound-reproducing machines.

The perfectly logical evolution of Scriabin's achievements is emphasized in this book. Starting with a style that was distinctly Chopinesque, Scriabin early developed piquancy and originality, and, having once found himself, went confidently forward, greatly extending the scope of pianoforte technique. Especially is the natural growth of the new harmony shown in the interesting chapter on the ten sonatas, which Dr. Hull declares "in every way worthy of ranking with the very greatest things in pianoforte literature." Similarly, Scriabin's marvelous skill in orchestration is revealed in the chapter on the five symphonies.

Scriabin abandoned the major and minor scales without inventing a new one. But he invented a new style of composition. The discoverer of many new chords or combinations, he would take a single chord and out of its extended harmonies evolve a whole composition. His foundation chord is accepted as a concord, whether sweet-sounding or not, leaving only "suspensions," "passing notes," and "appoggiaturas" as discords. Strange his music may sound to unaccustomed ears, but it has wonderful vitality and charm, especially on the evanescent and ethereal tones of the piano. Yet his innovations are not mistakes or the result of ignorance, for with all his adventures into the musically undiscovered, he had a profound knowledge of, and reverence for, form and design, as a study of his symphonies and sonatas shows. On the framework of classical form, which Schumann, Liszt, and Berlioz considered outworn, he weaves wonderful patterns of exquisite coloring and beauty. His

intimate pieces seem quite as wonderful as Field's and Chopin's, sometimes arabesques of Æolian vagueness, and sometimes dual ideas poised in rondo form.

Perhaps it is because of the association of color with music in "Prometheus" that one looks eagerly to see what Dr. Hull says about this. But Dr. Hull is rather non-committal, for Scriabin's efforts in this direction were experimental and in no sense intended to be final. It is foolish to expect the relation between color and music to be established in one man's lifetime, when that between drama and music has not been finally determined in three hundred years. Of course the analogy between color and sound dates back to Aristotle, and many scientists have worked on it; but the red herring that is always drawn across the trail is the attempt to associate particular colors with certain keys or scales. This involves the difficulty that sound is much more quickly perceptible than color, and that what is an entrancing arpeggio or trill in music is a blinding maze when translated into color. Also a trumpet note conveys an idea entirely different from that of the same note on a muted violin, though the color organ emblazons both with equal intensity; that is to say, the color organ of the scientists utterly lacks timbre. Scriabin used Rimington's color organ; but he adopted a color scale of his own, and wrote his music in a novel harmonic and scientific system to give a color symphony a fairer opportunity to make itself—should I say seen or heard? This was aided also by having the color harmonies follow the bass notes of the musical harmonies. If there was little recognized connection between the music and color, at least the latter served to divide the senses of the audience much as opera does. Scriabin associated music and color rather on psychic lines, trying to produce with his colors the same effect on the mind that his music produced, and he must be given credit for new progress in this direction. How much further he would have gone if he could have concluded the further experiments which were interrupted by his untimely death, one can only conjecture.

Any attempt at more adequate comment on separate chapters is infeasible; yet it must be said that the discussions of the "mystic chord," music and color, form and style, and the source of Scriabin's inspiration are a distinct contribution to the literature of modern harmony and musical tendencies. Whether one reads to damn or praise, the value of Dr. Hull's commentary must be recognized.

RUSSELL RAMSEY.

A Grenstone Lad

GRENSTONE POEMS. By Witter Bynner. (Friedrick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.35.)

When Witter Bynner, some fifteen years ago, discovered "A Shropshire Lad," the direction of his poetic future was settled. To him those amazing poems of Housman meant the purest poetry since Keats. Where else has a simple stanza, or where have a bare two or three of them, gone so freighted with the burden of compressed beauty?

Bynner learned the "Shropshire Lad" not only by heart but by soul. He is still informed of it. The influence is deeper than any matter of literary chapter and verse. Bynner is, so far as an American can be, a Shropshire lad. The Grenstone Village of "Grenstone Poems" is an American Shropshire.

In one direction Bynner leaves his master. There is not much optimism, as all the world knows, in Housman; there is a great deal in Bynner—

a lad
Who had intended always to be glad.

The intention to be glad runs through all Bynner's verse, beginning with that long and joyous essay in everything that he published some two years out of college—the "Ode to Harvard" (reprinted as "Young Harvard")—and continuing down through the resplendent democratic faith of "The New World" to the simple cheerfulness of "Grenstone Poems."

Of all Bynner's poetry "The New World" stands foremost. He came so near there to writing a great poem that one is brought to wonder at the accident that prevented him. I cannot quite discover why it is not a great poem. It has certainly the makings of one. Its theme is magnificent; it is bodied forth from the two greatest loves a poet could have—the loves of woman and democracy—here, in their source of "Celia," identical; it is full of lines of beauty and eloquence.

Perhaps, though, I slipped in saying "the two greatest loves a poet could have"; there may be a greater—and perhaps its not coming first in "The New World" is the reason why that poem does not quite attain the ultimate heights of poetry. The love of beauty is, after all, the thing that has made the most extraordinary poetry of the world—new or old—

Music that is too grievous of the height
For safe and low delight.

One does not love simplicity first and therefore produce beauty; one loves beauty first and the simplicity comes as one of its attributes: one does not make one's first love democracy and then set out to turn it to beauty; but the beauty itself must give birth to the democracy. Mrs. Browning was a poet whose first vision was beauty long before she wrote "The Cry of the Children"; Josephine Peabody had loved and followed beauty and on that road found "The Singing Man."

Perhaps that is the reason why "The New World" fails of the quality of greatness—for all its being a very remarkable poem. I sometimes wonder whether Bynner loves Beauty—just the old-fashioned capitalized Dame that has been so worshipped—enough. I believe Housman and Masfield and Yeats—and even Arthur Ficke—love her more. Bynner is a better poet than Ficke, to my thinking, because he is more in love with life—"and life, some say, is worthy of the Muse." Bynner is a great deal better poet than a host of American others, but I wonder if he has sufficient blind adoration for the capitalized One. I wonder if the Goddess of Simplicity has not a little prevailed at her expense.

Certainly in "Grenstone Poems" it is the pursuit of simplicity that comes first. Charming and delicate as they are, full of whim and fancy and loveliness, they are imbued above all with Bynner's ordered passion for simplicity. These poems illustrate his theory of the democratization of poetry, which he feels has been too largely an undemocratic art. Blake and Whitman and Housman in their several ways were poets of a democratic vocabulary. Bynner is anxious not only to be clear in thought, not only to convey his idea in as few words as possible, but to make the words themselves such as are found in everyday speech. He does not wish poetry to be the charming luxury of the withdrawn few, but the daily fare of the average man. And so he writes in such manner that the average man may read.

The theory is a healthy one; all poets should have a little of it. There has been for years too much "word-mosaic" turned out in rhyme. The free verse writers have thrown overboard the rhyme; Bynner has striven, instead, to purify the old music.

And yet I question if Bynner has not in "Grenstone Poems" gone a little far in his theory—if he has not even handicapped himself. I feel occasionally in this book that the word or the line which would have expressed more beauti-

fully the inherent Bynner has been discarded for something not quite so happily expressive which commended itself as more easily understandable.

Is it necessary to believe that people are more likely to read poetry if it is written from this point of view? After all, Shakespeare and Milton have got themselves more read than most poets—and they are anything but monosyllabic. I do not believe that a poet of Bynner's ability has the right to throw away a large part of the English vocabulary; he needs it; he cannot make poems of his own stature without the use of every tool that his native language has given him. How express things that are not in the consciousness of the ordinary everyday mortal if one is to be limited to the ordinary everyday vocabulary? And what is poetry but the vision beyond consciousness?

Bynner himself has only recently come to the full practice of this theory. "The New World" was written in just its due richness. "Young Harvard" was. A bit of it, reprinted as a lyric in the "Grenstone Poems," stands up conspicuously. Of course there were hints of this new philosophy in "Tiger" and strong hints in the Bynner translation of "Iphigenia in Tauris"—of which the second, it seems to me, therefore had to renounce any idea of following Euripides into his moments of more embroidered beauty. Perhaps "The Little King" suggested what was coming. At any rate "The New World" did not. I question if Bynner could harmonize with his present theory the following splendid passage from that poem, or successfully rewrite it to conform to that theory:

The times are gone when only few were fit
To view with open vision the sublime,
When for the rest an altar-rail sufficed
To obscure the democratic Christ. . .
Perceiving now his gifts, demanding it,
The benison of common benefit,
Men, women, all,
Interpreters of time,
Have found the lordly Christ apocryphal,
While Christ the comrade comes again—no wraith
Of virtue in a far-off faith
But a companion hearty, natural,
Who sorrows with indomitable eyes
For his mistreated plan
To share with all men the upspringing sod,
The unfolding skies—
Not God who Made Himself the Man,
But a man who proved man's unused worth—
And made himself the God.

I am grateful to Time, who got "The New World" out of Bynner before he found that "benison" and "indomitable" could no longer be in his vocabulary.

How far the theory goes let me illustrate from one Grenstone poem—one of the loveliest of the book, and of all Bynner's lyrics:

Name me no names for my disease
With uninforming breath;
I tell you I am none of these
But homesick unto death—

Homesick for hills that I had known,
For brooks that I had crossed,
Before I met this flesh and bone
And followed and was lost . . .

And though they break my heart at last
Yet name no name of ills.
Say only, "Here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills."

A manuscript of the same poem, dated before "The New World," shows the last stanza thus:

Save that they broke my heart at last
Name me no name of ills,
But say that here is where he passed,
Seeking again those hills!

I put it to any critic that the first version was more direct, more poignant, than the new. The change is due principally to the fact that "save" has gone out of usual speech. But isn't that the fault of usual speech rather than of "save"? Must we who believe in democracy justify the reproach of its opponents that it will cause a levelling down rather than a levelling up?

There is another defect of the Bynnerian quality that I cannot help sensing in "Grenstone Poems." It seems to me that he is sometimes almost mathematical in the development of his simplicity. He loves to strike poetic balances and make poetic classifications—almost to replace poetry by a lengthened epigram. There is a poem—even called "The Balance"—which is successfully typical of a whole series, many of them not so successful:

Lose your heart, you lose the maid:
It's the humor of her kind.
So trim the balance to a shade;
Keep your heart and keep the maid!

Keep your heart, you keep the maid,
But yourself you cannot find . . .
Fling the balance unafraid!
Find your heart—and lose the maid!

A charming whim of writing, and worth repeating, but not to take the place of the poetry that Bynner could do, and has done.

This hankering for precision, for classification, appears also in the elaborately simple arrangement of the "Grenstone Poems." The book carries a table of contents that looks almost like a synopsis for a brief, with subdivision and resubdivision, the "Points" set up in verse couplets, and a hint of a narrative argument running

through it. Into this simple elaboration are sorted out nearly two hundred poems, some of which fit excellently, while others are forced into place rather at their own expense.

For example, the poem that I quoted beginning "Name me no name for my disease" was originally called "The Patient to the Doctors." In the book it is called "Hills of Home" and appears balanced against, on the opposite page, "Foreign Hills," another poem with which it has (really) nothing to do, both appearing under Article I, "Grenstone," Subdivision 1, "On the Way to Grenstone"—the effect of the whole effort at anecdotal veracity being, I think, to devitalize a very good poem and make it try to appear something it rather is not.

An example that I regret even more is "The Fields"—a delicate and lovely little war poem—placed in Subdivision 2, "Neighbors and the Countryside":

Though wisdom underfoot
Dies in the bloody fields,
Slowly the endless root
Gathers again and yields.

In fields where hate has hurled
Its force, where folly rots,
Wisdom shall be uncured
Small as forget-me-nots.

So that the fields of France must become New England meadows, and oblige!

There is another exquisite war poem which should be quoted. A trifle shortened from its original form in "The Nation," "War" shows Bynner at his most deft and pointed best, where his sense of precision and poignancy combine to produce a perfect thing:

Fools, fools, fools,
Your blood is hot today.
It cools
When you are clay.
It joins the very clod
Wherein at last you see
The living God,
The loving God,
Which was your enemy.

And here is a poem which gives the flavor of the whole Grenstone series—the thesis of "The New World" translated into simpler terms—the love of Nature and pleasant things and the democratic God. It is called "God's Acre."

Because we felt there could not be
A mowing in reality
So white and feathery-blown and gay
With blossoms of wild caraway,
I said to Celia, "Let us trace
The secret of this pleasant place!"
We knew some deeper beauty lay
Below the bloom of caraway,

And when we bent the white aside
We came to paupers who had died:
Rough wooden shingles row on row,
And God's name written there—*John Doe*.

Witter Bynner is the possessor of an unusual and lovely gift. My only wish is that he would content himself with being a very good and growing poet, instead of tending to preoccupy himself with a theory. His gift is sufficient, if he will permit it, to stand above theories. Can we not have the real Bynner as he started out, and first continued—imaginative, versatile, and unafraid, while being deft, to be purely spontaneous. So but the harvest be always richer from year to year, what care we what machinery does the threshing?

SWINBURNE HALE.

Sancho Panza on His Island

UTOPIA OF USURERS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (Boni and Liveright; \$1.25.)

Whether it is merely because Chesterton has given us a characteristic and, in its own way, peculiarly illuminating study of Shaw or because a subtle spiritual comradeship, underlying all their obvious differences, holds them bound in memory, I find it difficult to keep Shaw out of my mind when reading his fellow-craftsman in the art of paradox. When Chesterton makes a neat point or flares out with some unexpected antithesis, I find myself wondering how Shaw would have put the same idea. Both use their paradoxical panoply for the purpose of charging on us with what they really think or, at least, with how they even more really feel. They are always deadly in earnest. This is the reason why they can afford to laugh so boisterously, for only such as know what they are about and have found a foothold in the shifting sands of idea can find time and energy and, above all, courage to laugh. The well-balanced individual is too busy pairing off alternatives, too busy finding a sensible middle ground, to be capable of more than a preoccupied smile. Laughter presupposes comfort; the proverbial seat on the fence, advantageous as it may be in other respects, is too spiked for comfort.

Yet, like all similar things, Shaw and Chesterton are vastly different. Shaw's main concern is with ideals and with romance; he has a great joke on humanity because he alone sees that ideals and romance are but decorations that humanity has built about the commonplace, though I fancy, to judge from sundry wistful passages in the

Shavian writings, that he sometimes wishes his sight were duller. Chesterton's concern is also with ideals and with romance; but his laughter springs rather from a zestful sense of their abiding presence in the commonplace, from a feeling of security in the essential goodnesses and rightnesses of life that leaves him free for quips and fine scorns and puns—beastly ones sometimes. Shaw laughs heartily on an empty stomach, Chesterton easily on a full one. Shaw sees with amazing clarity the just beyond, while the present lies shadowed in a penumbra; Chesterton sees the just beyond only a trifle less clearly, but he sees it as a distorted shadow cast by the present and the past, especially the mystic past. Shaw wanders about in search of his perfect No Man's Land, struggling all the while against the foul machinations of sorcerers who invest spades with glamour; no wonder that he tilts a lance at an occasional windmill. Chesterton accepts the machinations of the sorcerers for the wonderful actualities they are. Were Shaw desophisticated and dehumorized, he would be Don Quixote; were Chesterton desophisticated but not dehumorized, he would be Sancho Panza.

But as sophistication and Shavian humor are what the biologists call acquired characters, we are left scientifically free to equate Shaw with the illustrious Don, Chesterton with his no less illustrious squire. And once we have accustomed ourselves to interpreting them in the light of an exegesis borrowed from Cervantes, much becomes doubly clear. Nature is never more purposeful than when she seems inattentive and accidental. Need we now wonder that Shaw is thin and humane, that Chesterton is fat and human? Are not Shaw's women as unclaspable as the famed Dulcinea del Toboso, and might not Chesterton find beauty and love in any country wench? But note chiefly this: Shaw scorns the governance of a mere island, his fancy must hold sway over vaster realms, the realms of a humanity untainted by localism. As for Chesterton, he is eminently qualified to govern an island. Let Shaw found the world state, he will be content to rule merry England (Chesterton's England will be merry, as she has been) and pontificate for all of Christianity that is worth saving.

In "Utopia of Usurers," a series of reprints of essays first published in periodical form, Chesterton has much to say about his island. He is in a bad humor. Things have not gone well with the island. Not only is a dastardly foe threatening it from without, but there is cause for endless disgruntlements within. The "all's well with the

world" frame of mind of "Orthodoxy" has given way to scowls and apprehensive shakings of the head. Even the cheery mysticism of that book and of so many of its successors ("The Innocence of Father Brown" and "Magic" are types) is somewhat less in evidence than it should be in writing coming from Chesterton's pen, though faint-hearted, vestigial formulæ are not absent ("Robespierre talked even more about God than about the Republic because he cared even more about God than about the Republic"). The proverb-like epigrams that we naturally look for (it will be remembered that Sancho Panza reveled in proverbs) are with us again, but too many of them are burnished with the anger of the moment to be readily quotable out of their context. Still, there are some exceedingly good ones. For instance: "the materialistic Sociologists, . . . whose way of looking at the world is to put on the latest and most powerful scientific spectacles, and then shut their eyes"; or "when we talk of Army contractors as among the base but active actualities of war, we commonly mean that while the contractor benefits by the war, the war, on the whole, rather suffers by the contractor." Nor is that charming whimsicality, so often edged with as much *naïveté* as paradox, for which Chesterton is most to be loved, entirely absent. Take this opening of an argument, for instance, which has the matter of a Swift and the temper of an angel: "An employer, let us say, pays a seamstress twopence a day, and she does not seem to thrive on it. So little, perhaps, does she thrive on it that the employer has even some difficulty in thriving upon her." But all through the volume of essays runs a genuine anger, an anger that is by no means always careful to clothe itself in neat turns and whimsicalities but, on the contrary, may even break out into crude petulance ("And if anyone reminds me that there is a Socialist Party in Germany, I reply that there isn't").

What is it that angers Chesterton and fills him with grim forebodings for the future of his island? Many things and, especially, many persons. But chiefly the capitalists, the upper middle class, the usurers, or however they be termed, and the fear of the servile state, the state in which art and literature and science and efficiency and morality and everything else that has value in the eyes of mortal man become the humble servants of the money-changers, in short, the "utopia of usurers." In this state the Venus of Milo advertises soap, and college professors have to put up with such mental pabulum as can be digested and manages

to get published by the captains of industry. Hear Chesterton's own summary of the nine essays devoted to the dismal utopia: "Its art may be good or bad, but it will be an advertisement for usurers; its literature may be good or bad, but it will appeal to the patronage of usurers; its scientific selection will select according to the needs of usurers; its religion will be just charitable enough to pardon usurers; its penal system will be just cruel enough to crush all the critics of usurers; the truth of it will be Slavery; and the title of it may quite possibly be Socialism." There is exhilaration in the defiance of this from "The Escape":

The water's waiting in the trough,
The tame oats sown are portioned free,
There is Enough, and just Enough,
And all is ready now but we.
But you have not caught us yet, my lords,
You have us still to get.
A sorry army you'd have got,
Its flags are rags that float and rot,
Its drums are empty pan and pot,
Its baggage is—an empty cot;
But you have not caught us yet.

And this, at the end of the poem, will serve to mark the Chestertonian contempt:

It is too late, too late, my lords,
We give you back your grace:
You cannot with all cajoling
Make the wet ditch, or winds that sting,
Lost pride, or the pawned wedding ring,
Or drink or Death a blacker thing
Than a smile upon your face.

Other causes for Chesterton's scorn there are in the book,—the mean-spirited attempt of those infernal bores, the well-meaning people, to deprive the workingman of his ale; the dunder-headedness of parliaments and administrators; the incredible mendacity of the press; the absurdity of Sir Edward Carson in the rôle of loyal patriot; the shameless ignorance of public affairs exhibited by the well informed; the impertinence of Puritan meddlers,—but the capitalist and his utopia, the servile state, are at the back of these ills, present and to come. Don Quixote (in his Shavian avatar) is right. The nefarious enchanter, capitalism, is triumphant; he has cast his evil spell on all the springs of genuine, straightforward being; he is nigh unto choking the soul of humanity. It is high time that the Quixotes of the world bestirred themselves. It is well that the doughty Sancho Panza is caparisoned for the fray. He will give a good reckoning of his stewardship of the island.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Anton Chekhov

THE TALES OF CHEKHOV (to be complete in eight volumes). Four volumes: *The Darling, and Other Stories*; *The Duel, and Other Stories*; *The Lady with the Dog, and Other Stories*; *The Party, and Other Stories*. (New York: Macmillan Co.; \$1.50 each.)

THE HOUSE WITH THE MEZZANINE, AND OTHER STORIES. (New York: Scribner's; \$1.35.)

We are about to come into possession of Chekhov. It will be a priceless possession, for Chekhov is indispensable to our understanding of the psychology of the great people that has introduced into the present world situation an element so complex, so disturbing, so tragic and beautiful. Chekhov is the faithful reporter, unerring, intuitive, direct. He never bears false witness. The essence of his art lies in a fine restraint, an avoidance of the sensational and the spectacular. His reticence reveals the elusive and lights up the enigmatic. And what a keen, voracious observer he was! Endless is the procession of types that passes through his pages—the whole world of Russians of his day: country gentlemen, chinovniks, waitresses, ladies of fashion, shopgirls, town physicians, Zemstvo doctors, innkeepers, peasants, herdsmen, soldiers, tradesmen, every type of the intelligentsia, children, men and women of every class and occupation. Chekhov describes them all with a pen that knows no bias. He eschews specialization in types. In a letter written to his friend Plescheyev, Chekhov draws in one stroke a swift, subtle parallel between the two authors, Shcheglov and Korolenko, and then he goes on to say, "But, Allah, Kerim! Why do they both specialize? One refuses to part with his prisoners, the other feeds his readers on staff officers. I recognize specialization in art, such as genres, landscape, history; I understand the 'emploi' of the actor, the school of the musician, but I cannot accept such specialization as prisoners, officers, priests. This is no longer specialization; it is bias." Chekhov ignores no phase of the life of his day. This inclusiveness, this large and noble avidity that refuses to be circumscribed by class or kind or importance, makes the sum of his stories both ample and satisfying. His work illuminates the whole of Russian life, the main thoroughfares, the bypaths, the unfrequented recesses. Without Chekhov, how are we to embark on the discovery of Russia?

Within the limits of his day Chekhov is the perfect guide because his interpretations of a life that is alien to us have the essential qualities of

veracity and credibility. It is the spirit of wide-eyed, tolerant, dispassionate perception that gives Chekhov's works their character of true evidence. For him, subtle and balanced in his sensibilities, all reality is innately artistic. With no apparent effort, he lifts everything: the commonplace, the threadbare, even the banal, to the high plane of art. The relations of ordinary existence, the sombre dullness, the gray emptiness of uninspired life acquire interest and meaning. He creates, as the Russian critic Leon Shestov says, "from the void." Others flee from these things as from the valley of the shadow of death; Chekhov gives them color, harmony, inevitability; they become significant, infinitely sad, infinitely human. We may wish to turn away from these aspects of reality, we may wish to take refuge in dreams and visions and hopes, but the artist constrains us to stay; his tales become credible and strangely familiar. With poignant regret we acknowledge them as a true representation of our own lives.

A representation of life, but not an explanation. Chekhov, almost alone among the great Russians, does not set himself the task of solving the riddles of the universe. He is the honest physician who knows no panaceas and is skeptical as to palliatives. Explanations, commandments, reconciliations, consolings—he has none of these to offer. He shuns the admonitions and the comfortable words of the moral teacher, the impatient outcries of the embittered rebel, the grandiose creations of the symbolist, the vicarious solace of the mystic. He counsels neither rebellion nor acceptance.

For this shrinking from all forms of dogmatism, for this absence of burning indignation and passionate protest, most Russians hold Chekhov strictly to account. They refuse to forgive him for not coming to conclusions with life. Against what some of them are pleased to call his "complacency in political and social matters" they invoke the lines of the poet Nekrassov:

He loves not the land of his fathers
Who sings without sorrow and anger.

Chekhov was not unaware of his countrymen's predilection for strong, flaming words on the "accursed problems of life." But he was resolved to remain true to his temperament. And what was Chekhov's temperament? In one of his letters to his friend Souvorin, after dwelling on the soothing effects of Nature on his spirits, he writes, "Nature reconciles man, that is, makes

him indifferent. *And in this world one must be indifferent.* Only dissatisfied people can look at things clearly, can be just, and do work. Of course, this includes only thoughtful and noble persons; egoists and empty folk are indifferent as it is." These words, I think, will give us a clue to an understanding of Chekhov's attitude to life. Nor do they stand alone. Again and again, in his letters, Chekhov replies in the same strain to those who complain that he has not solved the moral or ethical questions that arise in his stories. I quote from a few of his letters to Souvorin:

"The business of the writer of fiction is only to depict how and under what circumstances people speak and think about such problems as God, pessimism, etc. The artist should not be a judge of his personages and of what they say, but only an unbiassed witness. I overhear a conversation on pessimism between two Russians, and my business is to report the conversation as I heard it, and let the jury, i. e., the readers, decide as to its value. My business is only to be talented, that is, to be able to distinguish between important and unimportant testimony, to be able to illuminate the characters and speak in their language. . . . And if an artist in whom the crowd has faith dares announce that he understands nothing of what he sees—this alone constitutes a large acquisition in the realm of thought and is a great step forward." "In my talks with the writing brethren I always maintain that it is not the business of the artist to decide narrowly specific questions. It is bad if the artist undertakes something he does not understand. For special problems there are specialists. . . . But an artist is to judge only of what he understands. His sphere is just as limited as that of any other specialist. This I repeat and on this I always insist. That in his sphere there are no problems but only answers, may be said by one who never wrote and never had to deal with images. The artist observes, selects, guesses, contracts. These acts alone, in their nature, presuppose the existence of problems. If he had no problem before him there would be no need of selecting and of guessing. . . . You are right in demanding from an artist a serious attitude to his work. You confuse two conceptions: *the solution of the problem and the correct statement of the problem.*" "You scold me for being objective and attribute this in me to an indifference toward good and evil and to a lack of ideals, etc. When I depict horse-thieves you want me to say: 'To steal horses is evil.' But everybody knows this without my saying it. Let the thieves be judged by a sworn jury—my business is to show them as they are. . . . Of course, it would be fine to harmonize art with sermons, but in my case it would be very difficult, and, so far as my technique goes, almost impossible. You realize, do you not, that to depict horse-thieves within the space of seven hundred lines I must always speak and think as they do, feel as they feel? Otherwise, if I were to add subjective elements, the image would become blurred and the story would not be compact, as all short stories should be."

This artistic credo does not express the spirit of heartless indifference. It comes from the

resolve to present reality as seen by a calm, balanced, comprehensive, luminous temperament. Chekhov's attitude is one of clear-eyed refusal to grapple with the unattainable. In the stories and plays of this artist there is no coldness and hardness. Despite the reticence and the stern suppression of emotion personal to the author, you discern in these works, in the letters, and in the volume on the convict-colony at Sakhalin, the tender, sensitive physician, the mild, understanding eye, the kindly, aching heart.

To the everlasting question of the Russians, "What is to be done?" Chekhov answers, sometimes with a sad wistfulness, sometimes with a tender compassion, now with a merry twinkle, now with quiet resignation, "I do not know." "Is there a way out?" And again the reply, "I do not know." For him, too, the rest is silence. Life goes on, but it has no swing, no forward propulsion. It is a strange, rhythmless life that Chekhov surveys, a life without great adventures or feverish activity. It is life playing on muted strings, under gray skies, and in a time of dark reaction. And Chekhov stands awed in the presence of failure, of tragic insufficiency, of death-in-life, of broken hopes, broken hearts. Disillusionment has come to blight the energies and the spirit of these men and women and children. In all but a few there is some sad imperfection, some fatal *ánartia* that makes them the playthings of the imperturbable Fates. And the story of every one in the long procession is only another of life's little ironies. To view this stagnation over which the spirit of the Lord has not passed, to discern it all, to bear the consciousness of it in the heart, one must possess something of the imperturbability, the impassivity, the indifference of Nature. One must be, as Chekhov was, a physician who knew himself doomed to an early death.

I have been asked, "Are Chekhov's stories true to life? Do they convey the impression of reality? Is the life of the greater number of men and women so colorless, so passive, so full of dull regret, so unfulfilled of all desire?" I do not know. But I have stood in the great City, on Broadway, at the time when the clock struck the hour of six, and I have seen the men and women pour forth from the shops and stores and factories. Thousands upon thousands, they emerge after the long confinement of the day's work, and in a swift procession they walk home in the gathering dusk. What are the sudden

revelations, the wondrous surprises that the future has in store for them—for the millions like them to whom the great adventures in life are a journey underground, supper, the marvels of the motion pictures, sleep? Ah, Chekhov knew! He knew of the glory of childhood, the dreams of youth, the miracle of hope and fresh beginnings; and he knew the dreary emptiness in the hearts of those who return home at the end of the day. He knew of the ceaseless quest for happiness, for a fuller life, for rest. And he knew that, high or low, whatever the path we follow, we are never far from the endless procession of the disillusioned.

But is there no release, and no fulfilment? Whenever I stand where the long line of those who hurry home in the gathering dusk passes by, I can see, in the west, through the great canyon that is the city street, the glory of the setting sun. There the sky is strangely beautiful. It seems to bend over a new and a different world. Who can tell? But in that world there seems to be joy and work, beauty and laughter, sunshine, freedom, stretching of limbs, rest. And, wondering whether we can create that world, no longer from the void, I recall Chekhov's many quiet words of encouragement and hope. Sonia speaks such words in the closing scene of "Uncle Vanya":

"What can we do? We must live our lives. [*A pause.*] Yes, we shall live, Uncle Vanya. We shall live through the long procession of days before us, and through the long evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials that fate imposes on us; we shall work for others without rest, both now and when we are old; and when our last hour comes we shall meet it humbly, and there, beyond the grave, we shall say that we have suffered and wept, that our life was bitter, and God will have pity on us. Ah, then, dear, dear Uncle, we shall see that bright and beautiful life; we shall rejoice and look back upon our sorrow here; a tender smile—and—we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, fervent, passionate faith. [*Sonia kneels down before her uncle and lays her head upon his hands*] We shall rest. We shall rest. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel. We shall see all evil and all our pain sink away in the great compassion that shall enfold the world. Our life will be as peaceful and tender as a caress. I have faith; I have faith."

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

A WORLD IN FERMENT: Interpretations of the War for a New World. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribner; \$1.25.

The world may be in ferment; but not so Nicholas Murray Butler. He casts his eye upon the vasty deeps of time and remains the President of Columbia University, orotund, commonplace, upper-class, smug. One gathers that he has heard of patriotism, service, reconstruction, the Russian Revolution, internationalism. His thoughts upon them appear in the addresses and interviews assembled in this volume. He has said everything that a deacon and a director would approve of, nothing more.

There is much talk in these addresses of the process of thought, much speculation as to how the patriot, the wise man, the prudent man, the Butlerized man will think,—in fact, there is more such talk than evidence of thought. For winged thought does not consort with a leaden style of Rooseveltian alternatives. Mr. Butler's opinions on industry, on international affairs, we all know. Suffice it to say they are untainted with the heretical economics and psychology which have been revealing us glaringly to ourselves.

This aspect of the modern world Mr. Butler flees. He takes refuge in general statements, for the more general your statements the more noble they may be made to seem. His volume, therefore, is interesting not for any interpretation of our time so much as for its revelation of an anachronism—the florid oratorical mind still at work in the years 1914-17.

THROUGH LIFE AND ROUND THE WORLD. By Raymond Blathwayt. Dutton; \$3.50.
LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAGGIE BENSON. By Arthur C. Benson. Longmans, Green; \$2.50.

Here are an autobiography and a biography of two rather well-known persons, both of whom were active in work connected with the Church of England, Mr. Blathwayt as a curate and Miss Benson as a founder of Bible societies. Both offer us their reaction to the creed and the dogmas of that church.

Mr. Benson assures us that there is an immense future before the art of biography and that he believes it should not deal with notable persons alone but with interesting and striking personalities as well. While we are not inclined to allow this plea to stand when it is a question of indulging the exploitation of Bensonism, it yet carries a tincture of truth. It is true, for instance, in regard to Mr. Blathwayt. Here is a man pre-eminently of the world, a man of wit and lofti-

ness of purpose, whose conclusions regarding men and things are neither commonplace nor dull. He started life as a curate, and finding himself unable to subscribe fully to the dogma he had to teach, courageously gave up the work, though doing so meant poverty until he discovered an opening in journalism. With the rather brief account of his life he includes gossipy bits of information about all sorts of notable people, and the book is a veritable gold mine for the after-dinner speaker, for it is besprinkled with quotable anecdotes.

The Benson family think themselves very interesting to the world, an opinion no doubt engendered by their countless admirers, but one is often wearily reminded of the Punch squib, "Signs of the Times; Self-Denial Week: Mr. A. C. Benson refrains from publishing a book." Their attitude of mind is, perhaps, shown by a habit of Maggie's referred to in the biography. She made up a special book of prayers with alternating blank pages. On these she put down the initials of the person whose faults and needs the prayer opposite seemed best to fit. The story of her life is set down from the first day to the last. Nothing is omitted, from the most trivial, meaningless letter of childhood to the girlish gushings of the teens. The life impresses her brother as a most useful one but he hardly succeeds in persuading the reader. She seemed always seeking self-expression in writing or Egyptology or what not, but found no permanent satisfaction except in her friendships. She might be said to have succeeded in life because of what she gave here to both men and women. Whether she would have wanted this exploited in a biography no one can ever know, but there is just a possibility since she was a Benson.

FAITH, WAR, AND POLICY. By Gilbert Murray. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

It would hardly be possible for Gilbert Murray to write a really illiberal book, but it has not been impossible for him to feel too constantly in this book the weight of his representative position. The result is not altogether satisfying. You feel that Professor Murray has been the victim of those exceptional circumstances which exact their heavy toll of the eminent. In acting as spokesman for England, he has had to strain his voice by pitching it in the popular key, and he has had to discuss subjects about which his opinions are far less valuable than they are about the Greek drama. What stands out most sharply and incongruously in the book is Professor Murray's complaisance in transferring the problems raised by the war to the shoulders of those very diplomats and statesmen whose inadequacy is sufficiently demonstrated by the present *débâcle*. He argues rather superficially against democratic control of foreign policy, on the ground that the

public cannot be expected to be as well informed on such subjects as the diplomats, and he is willing to assume that, so far as England is concerned, the diplomats may be trusted to pursue a disinterested and honest policy. In discussing the British Foreign Office, Professor Murray adopts a tone which is nothing less than smug; he is frankly the apologist, who can allow himself to write, "The fact seems to be that, if, some years ago, an angel had set himself to the task of saving Europe, he would not have begun by altering British policy. He would have begun by something else." This fatal complacency extends to everything British: "In peace we are the most liberal and the most merciful of all great empires; in war we have Napoleon's famous testimonial, calling us 'the most consistent, the most implacable, and the most generous of his enemies.'" It is for us to keep up this tradition, and I believe that the men who rule us do keep it up." It is true that a watchful critic might be able to cite many instances of a less admirable sort, but Professor Murray is ready for such critics. He rules out cases that do not come under the definition as exhibiting traits that are essentially "un-English." There are fine things in the book, notably the picture Professor Murray gives of Arthur Heath, the brilliant young Oxonian who fell in the fighting at Loos. There is a constant sympathy with the idealism of the young men who gave themselves so unsparingly to save civilization, and it is in writing of their sacrifices that Professor Murray is at his best. But the book as a whole is disappointing, since it exhibits the author in a rôle which he is not fitted to fill with his usual distinction.

TO MEXICO WITH SCOTT. Letters of Captain E. Kirby Smith to his wife. Prepared for the press by his daughter, Emma Jerome Blackwood. With an introduction by R. M. Johnston. Harvard University Press; \$1.25.

Not to the Mexican border with General Hugh L. Scott in our own time, but into Mexico with Winfield Scott seventy years ago, the reader is conducted in these letters of a gallant officer who fought and died in a cause hardly less perplexing than is the Mexican question of to-day. Here is a passage (one of many) that might almost have been written yesterday instead of May 6, 1847: "Some Mexican gentlemen came in this morning from Puebla. One of them, a very intelligent man, educated in Hartford, Connecticut, represents the country as in a most deplorable condition, the Government as utterly disorganized . . . not capable of carrying on the war or making peace. The roads are filled with bands of robbers under the name of guerillas, who are as

ready to plunder and murder the Mexicans as they are to attack us." Striking and also rather discouraging is the applicability of these letters to present conditions in the turbulent republic to the south. The writer fell at Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, in his forty-first year, and his letters extend over the two years preceding his death. Professor Johnston and members of Kirby Smith's family have done their part well in preparing and annotating these letters for publication.

CARRY ON. By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson. Lane; \$1.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson of the Canadian field artillery is chiefly an author. As many grateful readers will remember, he has written "The Garden without Walls," "The Raft," and "Slaves of Freedom," which he waited to finish before taking up arms for England. However, he was not always an author, for upon his graduation from Oxford in 1905 he studied theology at the Union Seminary, New York, and remained there a year before he reached the conclusion that his life work lay in literature. Now, from the trenches, he has written a series of intimate letters to the folk at home, replete with natural affection, with description which is fairly vivid and reflection suggestive of a parson. He is essentially a theologian in his thinking in the sense that he attempts to put a good showing on a bad mess, translates butchery into sacrifice, and mass psychology into duty and honor. When a great soul engages in this revaluation, the result can be magnificent, a tribute to the sheer superiority of man over the world; but Lieutenant Dawson is too much of a dear fellow to be in danger of erecting a "City of God" upon the agony of our civilization. However, he is particularly effectual in putting himself on paper, and his book affords a clear view into the theological soul. The best part of it is that his letters are so full of incident that unless you are particularly interested, you need not bother with the theological interpretation at all.

The interest that leads men into repainting the world to their liking arises in that self-consciousness usually known as egotism. Further, the self-regarding habit leads men to value with a great ado of words and affection anything touching upon their personal life, and they easily achieve sentimentality. Dawson proves this by not being the exception. He is the kind of man who loves to dwell (in his own words) on "when I was a kiddie." He hasn't set sail from Halifax before he feels he has "become a little child again in God's hands." Spending all of a morning on the dock tending to the baggage leads

him to realize "there are so many finer things I could do with the rest of my days—bigger things." On the voyage, he marvels "all the time at the prosaic and even coarse types of men who have risen to the greatness of the occasion." He means his fellow-soldiers. Sir Willoughby Patterne wrote travel letters too.

When he reaches the trenches, his theologizing immediately goes into action. The horrors of the battle field receive a description that sets one tingling; hopes stir that perhaps this terrible-ness will deter men, at least those who have seen with their own eyes, from ever countenancing its recurrence; but the tingle dies away in despondency over man's irrepressible trick of turning evil into good when you read Lieutenant Dawson's conclusion: "There is a marvellous grandeur about all this carnage and desolation . . . when you see how cheap men's bodies are, you cannot help but know that the body is the least part of personality." There is much more of this sort of immortalizing. With considerable analysis, he indicates how this war wrecks even the lives and the hopes of its survivors, renders them unfit for future work, "does to the individual what it does to the landscape it attacks—obliterates everything personal and characteristic." Accordingly, after the fashion of this type of mind, it follows that "from these carcass-strewn fields of khaki, there's a cleansing wind blowing for the nations that have died." And, in the conclusion, all the nations of the earth are invited to step into the breeze. One despairs at the hopefulness of man.

MUTUAL AID. A Factor of Evolution. By P. Kropotkin. Knopf; \$1.25.

This is a new edition at a popular price of the book in which Kropotkin attacks the idea that mankind has progressed through the "survival of the fittest," that the strong have oppressed the weak and benefitted by their removal. He aims to show that on the contrary all forms of animal life have lived and are living better because of mutual aid. The author speaks with equal ease of ants, of South American birds, and of mammals, and his work gives every evidence of exhaustive research. As regards man, dealing with him chronologically, Kropotkin asserts that historians have all wrongly put the stress on battles and armies rather than on the great, unseen fermentation of progress among the masses. There are chapters on mutual aid among savages, among barbarians, and in the mediæval city, and on the causes of its decay. Kropotkin feels that communal possession of the soil and other like enterprises open the only way of escape from social oppression.

CASUAL COMMENT

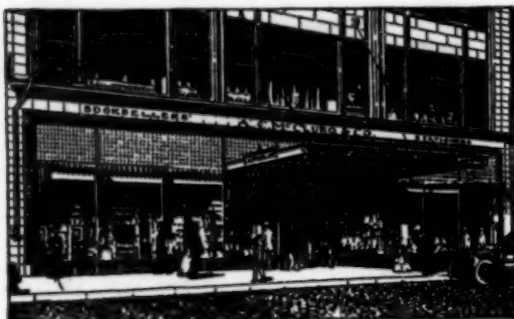
GENERAL SIR IAAH HAMILTON, who commanded the British forces at Gallipoli, has harsh words for the censor. "From my individual point of view," he writes, "a hideous mistake has been made on the correspondence side of the whole of this Dardanelles business. Had we had a dozen good newspaper correspondents here the vital, life-giving interest of these stupendous proceedings would have been brought right into the hearts and homes of the humblest people in Great Britain. . . cables . . . were turned by some miserable people somewhere into horrible bureaucratic phrases or dead languages, i. e., 'We have made an appreciable advance,' 'The situation remains unchanged' and similar phrases. As far as information to the enemy, this is too puerile altogether." The General concludes with an epigram which our own eager Prussians, welcoming reaction in the name of war-time necessity, may profitably ponder,—"Democracy and autocracy must fight with their own weapons; if they change foils in the scuffle, then like Hamlet and Laertes they both of them are doomed." Sir Hamilton is really generous in his selection of examples of stupidity. He might have sharpened his barbs of satire on "An Atlantic Port" or "Somewhere in France." Only an insensitive soul could have devised that ghastly euphemism for destroyed young life, "wastage," and where but in a General Staff office could have originated a phrase like "inappreciable losses"? A veil of cold technical phrases, like the morning mist over No Man's Land, interposes itself between the ugly realities of the mud and steel of war and the readers "back home." And between them and the beauty of the war, too. One might forgive the censor for making fighting mechanical, if he at least allowed some of the eerie and tragic beauty of the Gargantuan machine to be reflected in the official dispatches. Every correspondent, of course, has written his purple passages about the quick spreading splendor of shrapnel and the pyrotechnical magnificence of high explosives. But the deeper æsthetic perceptions, such as we find in "Le Feu" and in Hugh de Selincourt for example, rarely peep through the thick blanket of the censorship dark. Philip Gibbs is the one notable exception. In his dispatches to the New York "Times," he contrives to avoid the blighting dehumanization of which General Hamilton justly complains, and the equally sepulchral obtuseness of the conventional correspondent who has seen so much of the war that he may be said almost to pride himself on his callousness. Mr. Gibbs never has ceased to be shocked by the war—in all his writing there is a curiously constant quality of recoil, something of the shattered anger of a fine and sensi-

tive nature before the grimness and living agony. You become increasingly aware of this quality in his dispatches—excellent bits of accurate reporting, too—through strange metaphors like the sunny slopes with their slow-maturing fruit of young life, and the autumn battle harvest of laughing flesh. Imagination and perceptiveness such as Gibbs possesses, however, are rare, and the average newspaper man eventually succumbs to the industrious blue pencil, what the French cleverly call "expositions de blanc." Will General Hamilton's criticism effect a reform? "I doubt it," said the Walrus, and shed a bitter tear."

MR. J. L. SYMON'S COMPLAINT IN "The English Review" that novels are too short has all the air of flaming paradox. It was not many months ago that Henry B. Fuller uttered a moving plea for shorter fiction, pointing out that "swollen novels" had become as great a pest as "swollen fortunes." He even distinguished a new type of serial, beloved of newspaper readers, which can be drawn out in successive lengths like a telescope and with a little ingenuity and persistence can be made to run forever. If Mr. Symon had not assured us that the novel is too short, we should never have discovered the fact for ourselves. Nowadays trilogies appear to be decidedly the thing among the younger writers and many of the outstanding works of the day have the bulk of "The Brothers Karamazov," if not that of "War and Peace." When you consider the substance, they are often unforgivably long and of an exquisite tedium. They abuse the privileges of the confessional by failing to respect its natural limitations. Yet there has been little complaint, and one is driven to accept Mr. Bennett's explanation that a provident public likes its money's worth when it comes to fiction. Mr. Wells has acted on that assumption and so has Mr. Dreiser—often disastrously. In fact, it would never occur to anyone to suppose that the publishers were putting on the screws or exercising any coercive force whatever on the creative imagination. If one considers the commercial novel, then the notion of the publishers that "a very convenient length for a novel is 75,000 words," is certainly not far amiss. Here there is no question of art at all, but simply of so many hours of "escape" from reality and so much bulk in the traveling-bag; and 75,000 words is surely ample. If some sort of mechanical check were not imposed and every ego were allowed to expand to the limits of tenuity, sensible people would soon ask to be excused from inflicting gratuitous boredom on themselves.

WHEN GREAT BRITAIN DECLARED WAR a certain Canadian critic prophesied "business as usual except in cut flowers, jewelry, and music." The prediction was sound. First of all Canada denied herself tournées, sacrificed her one symphony orchestra, and abandoned the hope of opera. A tacit moratorium protected all who had rashly subscribed to any artistic enterprise; luxuries must be done without. Now we across the line, being at war, prove once more that the arts are in no way native amongst us, but are house guests, for whose support, if they lack the tact to withdraw, we can no longer be responsible. Thus early in the season there are rumors of more than the conventional deficits in opera and of orchestras hard put to it by the curtailment of their usual tour revenues. As for the theatre, it is said that New York has already seen—that is, has already gone without seeing—some fifty failures. We can well believe that most of the fifty deserved no better, but we cannot therefore congratulate ourselves on any sudden reformation of American taste. For Americans are also denying themselves the better dramatic fare provided by the little theatres. In Chicago, for instance, where for six years Maurice Browne has somehow maintained a genuinely artistic stage, the seventh year discovers a social moratorium under which so many of the subscriptions toward his current season have been cancelled that he is forced to close and withdraw. This deprivation would be tolerable if it were a real war sacrifice, reluctantly made; but, with a very few exceptions, the perfunctory letters of cancellation betray a more than patriotic alacrity in abnegation. The war comes as a convenient excuse for redevoting ourselves to the more congenial maintenance of "business as usual." Other peoples may inexplicably crave such decorations as good music and significant drama, achieve them with difficulty, and surrender them grudgingly: we Americans, thank God, are made of sterner stuff; we can take the arts fashionably if we must, and we can leave them alone again as soon as decently we may. The strenuous necessities of life we must have; but the luxuries of aesthetic feeling, of disciplined thinking, of beautiful expression—these are elegances we can still do without.

WE CONTINUE TO RECEIVE LETTERS from the young men of our new army, showing the spirit in which they have taken up a task that was alien to all their earlier thoughts or hopes. They are inspiring letters, full of a manly cheerfulness and the feeling of comradeship; almost never is there a word of complaint or a hint of reluctance to meet unfamiliar demands and to sink individual purposes in the common purpose. There is, on the other hand, an eagerness to take advantage of



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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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the new opportunities (less obviously promising than those they had looked for, perhaps) to make their influence tell for the cause of brotherhood, an abounding good-will. "If I were a communist," writes one, "my happiness would be complete. We are, in fact, communists, and even the fudge which a sweetheart sends belongs to the squad, if not to the whole barracks. And as for uniformity, it regulates every detail, even to the way the spare shoes are placed under the carefully aligned cots, and the nine inches of top sheet turned back over the blanket. When I was a civilian and a student—and utterly irresponsible on both counts—my greatest concern was to satisfy my conscience for cutting classes, and to find some means for filling up the time between midnight and bed-time with something less bore-some than drinking black coffee at Franks's while debating the merits of this best of all possible worlds. Now my greatest worry is lest some new order absorb what time I call my own, or some additional regulation prescribe the use and stowage of some as yet unregulated part of my belongings. I feel exactly like a card-index, a peripatetic file of all the orders and regulations which headquarters has been able to devise in the last two months." And from a librarian who has charge of one of the libraries in a southern cantonment, we get word of the progress of his work among the men and of the absorbing interest he has found in it. For the first time in his life, he writes, he is completely happy; and he adds with proper emphasis, "By the Lord, this is a man's job."

THE CELEBRATION OF ILLINOIS'S CENTENNIAL AS A STATE is well under way at Springfield and Urbana. At Springfield the Illinois Blue Book of 1917-18 is ready for distribution. This issue, while paying the usual heed to the current affairs of the state, gives considerable space to a review of its one hundred years of statehood. The chief article in the book is by Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, secretary of the State Centennial Commission and librarian of the State Historical Library. It deals with Illinois history. Other forms of celebration devised at Springfield are statues of Lincoln and Douglas and a pageant of Illinois history through the past century. At Urbana progress is being made on the Centennial History of Illinois, a cooperative work in five large volumes by members of the faculty of the state university. This enterprise has been aided by the formation of the Illinois Historical Survey as a department of the graduate school, under the direction of Clarence W. Alvord, professor of history. This is, in effect, a "laboratory" of state history, well organized and fully manned, and its product is expected to be a scientific history of Illinois of high and permanent value.

NOTES AND NEWS

The publisher takes pleasure in announcing the following additions to THE DIAL staff: Mr. Harold E. Stearns assumes with this issue the duties of Associate Editor. Mr. Stearns, after graduation from Harvard, became engaged in newspaper and magazine work in New York. Shortly before the war he went abroad for the purpose of making a study of the labor movement and industrial conditions in France and England, remaining in Europe during the first part of the war. For the last fifteen months he has been on the staff of "The New Republic."

Mr. Clarence Britten also joins the staff of THE DIAL at the present time. Mr. Britten was president of the "Harvard Monthly" while at Cambridge, and after graduation became engaged in publishing, carrying on his activities in Canada and afterward in Boston.

Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, who joins the staff of Contributing Editors, will write regularly of the drama. Mr. Macgowan, after taking his degree at Cambridge, acted as associate to H. T. Parker of the Boston "Transcript." He later became literary and dramatic editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger." Last year he acted as manager for Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski during their season at the Bandbox. He is now engaged in journalism in New York.

Of the contributors to this issue Robert Herrick needs no introduction. Mr. Herrick has now returned to the faculty of the University of Chicago and the present article is the first of a series which he will contribute to THE DIAL.

Leslie Nelson Jennings lives in Rutherford, California.

Robert Morss Lovett, who is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, has contributed frequently to THE DIAL.

Russell Ramsey is engaged with the National Child Welfare Association of New York.

Swinburne Hale, since graduation from Harvard, has been engaged in the practice of law in New York and has recently devoted himself to journalism.

Louis Friedland is editor of the "Russian Review."

In "Rodin: The Man and His Art" (Century), Judith Cladel describes Rodin's flight to England during the German drive toward Paris in the early days of the war. Mlle. Cladel herself conducted the sculptor and his aged wife across the channel. "He did not wish to remain in London," she says. "Too many relationships would have hindered him from collecting himself and from preserving that dignity of solitude, that reserve of a refugee, which was proper to his situation. He preferred to accompany us to a small country town, where for six weeks he lived a modest life, very retired, interested only, but passionately interested, in the reading of English newspapers, which we translated for him. When we apprised him of the burning of Rheims Cathedral, he replied with a laugh of incredulity. For two days he refused to believe it. It seemed



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to him an invention of the press designed to stir the public and increase recruiting. At last, convinced, he said, with inexpressible sadness: 'The biblical times have come back again, the great invasions of the Medes and the Persians. Has the world, then, reached the point where it deserves to be punished for the egotistical epicureanism in which it has slumbered?' After this he became absorbed in his own thoughts."

Is Japan a menace or a comrade? This is the question discussed by Jabez T. Sunderland in "Rising Japan," which is announced by Putnam. The author spent 1895 in India on a commission from the British Unitarian Association and in 1913 was Billings Lecturer in Japan, China, and India.

The first number of The Miscellanea, published by the Brothers of the Book, Chicago, has just been issued. It is designed as a medium through which members may keep in touch with the activities of the society. This issue contains information about several of the recent publications of the society and several which are now out of print.

In addition to their Modern Library, Messrs. Boni and Liveright are also publishing a number of important volumes, one of the most recent of which is a translation of the Russian masterpiece, "A Family of Noblemen," by M. Y. Saltykov. This is the first complete English version to be published.

Isaac Don Levine, author of "The Russian Revolution" (Harper's), says of Lenine, the supposed power of the new revolution, that to him "a capitalist was worse than a king. An industrial magnate or leading banker was to him more perilous than a Czar or a Kaiser. The working classes, he said, had nothing to lose whether their rulers were German, French, or British. The imperative thing for them to do was to prepare for a social revolution. Meanwhile, preached Lenine, the Russian or any other labor class might as well live under the rule of the Hohenzollerns as be governed by a capitalistic organization."

"Among Us Mortals," the volume of cartoons by W. E. Hill with text by Franklin P. Adams, which is a feature of Houghton Mifflin's list this season, has met with widespread popularity among the soldiers. These drawings have attracted much attention in the New York Tribune, striking a new and very penetrating note in American caricature.

The "Boy Scouts' Year Book" for 1917 contains messages from President Wilson, Colonel Roosevelt, and from many Cabinet officers and members of Congress. Boy scout activities in connection with the war are featured. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The spies! "What is the situation in the United States?" poses Horst von der Goltz in "My Adventures as a Secret Agent" (McBride). "Germany has installed in this country thousands of men, whose nationality and habits are such as to protect them from suspicion, who work silently and alone, because they know that their very lives depend upon their silence, and who are in communication with no central spy organization, for the very simple reason that no such organization exists. There is no clearing house for spy information in this country. There are no 'master spies.'"

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 97 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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- English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians.** Collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. 8vo, 341 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.
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- Songs of the Stalwart.** By Grantland Rice. 12mo, 253 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
- Alry Nothings.** By George Gordon. 12mo, 144 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25.
- Barbed Wire.** By Edwin Ford Piper. 8vo, 125 pages. The Midland Press.
- A Garden of Remembrance.** By James Terry White. 16mo, 132 pages. James T. White & Co.

FICTION.

- A Woman of Genius.** By Mary Austin. 12mo, 515 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
- Christmas Tales of Flanders.** Illustrated, 4to, 145 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.
- The Emerald of the Incas.** By Charles Normand. Translated from the French by S. A. B. Harvey. Illustrated, 8vo, 215 pages. Duffield & Co. \$2.
- Temporary Heroes.** By Cecil Sommers. Illustrated, 12mo, 244 pages. John Lane Co.
- The Shadow on the Stone.** By Marguerite Bryant. 12mo, 382 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.35.
- Laughing Bill Hyde and Other Stories.** By Rex Beach. 12mo, 393 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.35.
- The Adventuress.** By Arthur B. Reeve. With frontispiece, 12mo, 343 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.35.
- Mark Tidd Editor.** By Clarence Budington Kelland. Illustrated, 287 pages. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
- A Little Book for Christmas.** By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 12mo, 178 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

- American Jewish Year Book.** 5978. Edited by Samson D. Oppenheim. With frontispiece, 12mo, 710 pages. Jewish Publication Society.
- Translations of Foreign Novels.** A selected list by Minerva E. Grimm. 12mo, 84 pages. The Boston Book Co. \$1.
- The Rockefeller Foundation. Annual Report, 1916.** 12mo, 453 pages. The Rockefeller Foundation.
- Where to Sell Manuscripts.** By W. L. Gordon. 12mo, 79 pages. The Standard Publishing Co. \$1.
- A Manual of Style.** By the Staff of the University of Chicago Press. 12mo, 300 pages. The University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.
- Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases.** By Grenville Kleiser. 12mo, 453 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.60.

RELIGION.

- Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics.** Edited by James Hastings. Volume 9. 4to, 911 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Studies in the Book of Daniel.** By Robert Dick Wilson. 8vo, 402 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.
- Militant America and Jesus Christ.** By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. 16mo, 74 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 65 cts.
- The Gospel of Mark.** By Charles R. Erdman. 12mo, 200 pages. Presbyterian Board of Publication. 60 cts.
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